

THE FIGHT AGAINST
URBAN SPRAWL

TIME

MY 12 RULES

FOR SUCCEEDING
IN THE DIGITAL AGE

By Bill Gates







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GAP



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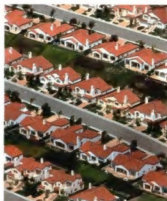
New York

Paris



Tokyo

Brussels



Sprawled: Unfettered in San Luis Obispo, Calif. (see NATION)



Rules for the Digital Age: Moses had 10 Commandments; Bill Gates has 12 (see COVER)



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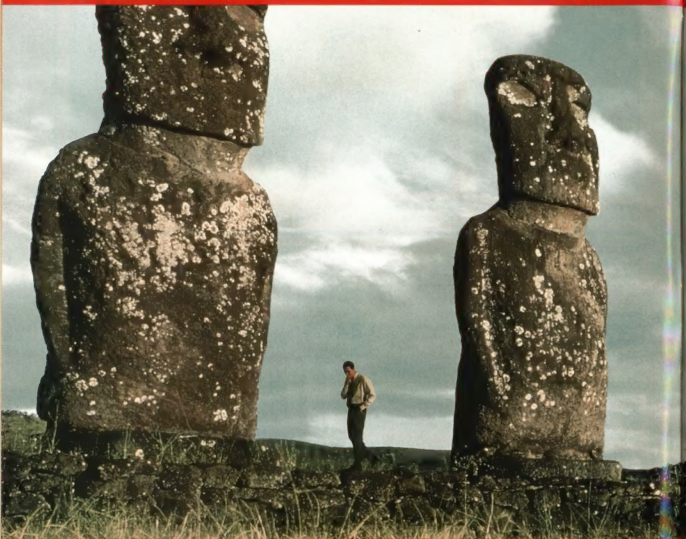
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Back in the Swing

Hef, 72, says he's having the time of his life. So what's he wistful about?

FIRST CONTEMPLATED using this column for evil purposes when TIME agreed to shell out \$10,000 to adopt a stretch of highway for me. If they'll do that, I reasoned, imagine what other people will do. I dreamed of strong-arming mayors to give me keys to their cities, persuading a minor league team to let me throw out the first pitch and getting women to talk to me. Then it struck me: I needed to see the Playboy Mansion.

Sure enough, Hugh Hefner agreed. After driving up the driveway of the estate and giving my name to a talking robot that I didn't particularly think screamed

sexy, I approached a construction sign that read PLAYMATES AT PLAY. I was entering the world's most expensive frat house.

After I had lunch with some Playboy execs in the dining room, where the waiter was summoned by the push of a button on the table, Hef joined us. He was wearing the smoking jacket and silk pajamas. He looked extraordinarily young for 72, especially his wrinkle-free hands, which made me worry that he had struck some deal with the devil. Then I realized that if he had, he cut the best deal ever.

But Hef, as I enjoyed calling him perhaps a bit too much, was amazingly intro-

spective about his hedonistic life. He said he thought his legacy would be having shown "that there's another ethical way of living your life without being married." So I asked him if he thought his was a life well lived. Had he chosen the right American Dream—the mansion and the babes—or should he have chosen the suburban house and the nuclear family? "This is better," he said without hesitation. "Because you're not living your life through other people."

Hef said that the past year, when his wife divorced him and he reopened the mansion to parties, was probably the best of his life. I suspect that may be due to the invention of his beloved Viagra—I'm sure it's all related. "Now all I have to do is adopt a highway," he said. "I've adopted a couple of twins. That's more expensive." I had no idea what he meant. But joking about twins seemed like a cool, International Playboy kind of thing, so I laughed.

It was later, in the gallery, that I found out what he meant. I had mistakenly thought, after seeing a de Kooning, a Dali and a Pollock in the greeting room, that the gallery would be a small museum. It turns out it's an endless hallway filled with pictures of Hef and his Playboy guests. Many of the recent shots were of young stars making the pilgrimage: Leo DiCaprio, Cameron Diaz, Jim Carrey, Courtney Love.

But in most of the new pictures, Hef is flanked by a pair of twins, Mandy and Sandy Bentley, who, I was told, "are his girlfriend." I wondered how even an International Playboy breaks it to a woman that he's also seeing her identical twin sister. This seemed to be a pretty liberal interpretation of an ethical alternative to marriage. Men, for those who are wondering, don't sow their wild oats and then settle down. Men keep sowing at least until they are 72. Look at that Quaker guy. He's got to be at least that old.

Hef then gave me an hourlong tour of the grounds. And what impressed me most—besides the grotto, the monkeys and the Western-inspired bungalow designed by "this girl I was going with named Barbi Benton"—was the fact that there were jars of Vaseline everywhere. Hef, I figured, must have some weird phobia about chapped lips.

On the drive home, I realized that I do want to live my life through someone else. I want to share someone else's experiences and put her ahead of me. I wasn't sure I wanted that more than a mansion, monkeys and naked twins, but it seems more attainable. Plus, Hef also said, looking out over the house on his property where his ex-wife and kids live, "The divorce wasn't my choice. Maybe it's not over. It's not over until the fat lady sings—and we don't allow fat ladies on the premises." ■



Many photos were of young stars making the pilgrimage: Leo, Cameron, Courtney

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Joe Louis

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LETTERS



A Campaign of Her Own?

“Anybody who has gone through what Hillary Clinton has in the past few years can handle anything. Senator Clinton sounds exciting!”

FRANCES L. BODE
Rocky River, Ohio

HILLARY CLINTON HAS ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS to be a politician in New York [NATION, March 1]. Wall Street loves anyone who has the expertise to earn nearly \$100,000 on a \$1,000 investment. As a lawyer from a firm with a somewhat checkered past, she meets that prerequisite for political service. But most important, by demonstrating the ability to turn her husband's escapades into a right-wing conspiracy, she has mastered that most cherished of political qualities, “the spin.” She has learned from the best.

TED GROS
West Des Moines, Iowa

HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON HAS ALL THAT it takes to win a Senate seat and be an outstanding member of the U.S. Senate.

MARIANO PATALINJUG
Yonkers, N.Y.

I DOUBT WE WILL EVER SEE SENATOR Clinton represent New York State, but I would not be surprised to see Senator Rodham serving in that office.

WILLIAM R. PRITCHETT
Midland, Mich.

DON'T THE CLINTONS UNDERSTAND HOW sick we are of fame-obsessed power junkies who keep crawling back into the ring for one more dose of adoration? Hillary, go home! Handle your marriage. Heal your daughter. Get a real job.

RICHARD S. ABRAHAM
Oak Brook, Ill.

WITH HER EXPERIENCE MEETING the leaders of great and small powers worldwide, Hillary Clinton might be the candidate par excellence for a future Secretary of State.

MARTIN FREUND
New York City

THE ADVICE TO HILLARY FROM FORMER Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro, “Do what’s best for you,” is very telling. It is descriptive of much of the attitude of

both Clintons. No one is raising the issue of what’s best for the citizenry. Therein lies the problem: it’s all about selfishness—not selfless service.

PETER V. HUISKING
Sierra Vista, Ariz.

THERE ARE 49 STATES IN ADDITION TO New York. I can assure you that the rest of the country has no interest in who might run for the Senate seat in New York in 2000.

ROBERT HIGGINSON
Orem, Utah

WHAT KIND OF ROLE MODEL CAN THE First Lady possibly be? She obviously loves presidential perks far more than she hates the President’s perversions.

ROGER CHAFIN
San Diego

THE POLK AWARD

Donald L. Bariett and James B. Steele of TIME won the

distinguished George Polk Award for national reporting last week for their series on corporate welfare—the tax breaks and subsidies that companies receive [SPECIAL REPORT: CORPORATE WELFARE, Nov. 9–Nov. 30, 1998]. It is the fifth Polk Award this reporting team has earned, setting a new record. As the judges noted, “The thing that was most astounding about the Corporate Welfare series was the kind of patience and intensity with which these reporters approached the subject. Their commitment to honest and accurate reporting was worth noting and awarding.” If you would like copies of this four-part series, reprints are available for \$1.50 each, with shipping and handling charges of \$5 for up to four reprints (reduced rates for multiple-copy orders). To obtain reprints, call 800-982-0041.

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WHAT HUBRIS! SHOULD WE CALL THE idea of Hillary's running for the Senate the "Bonfire of the Inanities"?

RONALD R. STELZEN
Mondovi, Wis.

SENATOR HILLARY CLINTON: THE VERY thought petrifies me!

EUGENE POOLE
Marina del Rey, Calif.

The Hunt for Ocalan

FAR FROM BEING A FREEDOM FIGHTER, Kurdish radical leader Abdullah Ocalan is a vicious hoodlum (WORLD, March 1). Greece, which arranged to sneak this international terrorist into Kenya, should be put on the U.S. State Department list of terrorist countries. Greece has nurtured the ideology of Ocalan's Kurdistan Workers' Party cutthroats.

ILYAS BOTAS
Paterson, N.J.

GO, HILLARY!



With more than the usual frequency, TIME readers this week directed their remarks to our cover subject—apropos the prospect of Hillary Clinton's running for a U.S. Senate seat in New York in 2000—rather than to the magazine (NATION, March 1). Though mostly H.R.C. fans, they have set their sights on even loftier goals for the First Lady. Posing the question "Did Eleanor Roosevelt run for office after 1945?", D. Albert Sach of Philadelphia responded, "Of course not! Stay out of that Senate mess, Hillary Clinton, and go on to your destiny as a world player!" Writing from Curaçao, bank president Lionel Capriles urged, "Do not run for the Senate. Run for the presidency. You will beat them all and serve your nation and the world better." Steven Bernstein of San Diego asked Hillary, "Why not really start at the top of the Democratic ticket? With Liddy the Republican nominee, we'd finally get the reasoned, passionate Clinton-vs.-Dole presidential race we were denied in '96."

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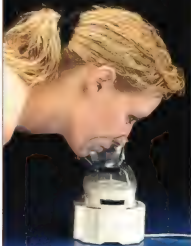


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A System That Failed

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE INJUSTICES OF mandatory minimum sentencing [LAW, Feb. 1] included a section about my son Derrick Smith, who committed suicide by jumping out a 16th-floor courtroom window following a court appearance on a drug charge. I would like to set the record straight. You said that Derrick, 19, "faced a sentence of 15 years to life for selling crack" and referred to his last court appearance as a "sentence hearing"—something that occurs only after a defendant is found guilty in a trial or pleads guilty. Readers might think Derrick was guilty of selling crack, when in fact he had insisted on his innocence throughout and had refused a plea offer.

My son was distraught. His attorney had twice requested that he be put on a suicide watch, but to no avail. On that last day, after Derrick refused the plea offer, his bail was revoked for no apparent reason. He was so agitated and afraid that he jumped to his death. There is a larger truth to be drawn from his case and countless others about the degree of dehumanization we have allowed to develop in our drug war-driven criminal-justice system and our courts.

MARLENE MCCOILLUM
New York City

Barr's Shining Example

GEORGIA REPRESENTATIVE BOB BARR'S rationalization of his appearance before the Council of Conservative Citizens [LETTERS, March 1] was a joke. You would be hard-pressed to find anyone, Democrat or Republican, who believes that nei-

ther Barr nor his staff inquired about the aims of the council, which is described as a "white-supremacist group," prior to his arranging to speak before it. Barr's denial of knowing what the organization was all about is another shining example of the hypocrisy that Barr and many of his sanctimonious Republican colleagues have come to practice.

MARVIN ROBERTSON
Roseville, Miss.

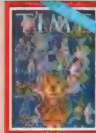
In Defense of Plastics

AFTER READING THE PIECE "POISONOUS Plastics?" [HEALTH, March 1], I was left with the question Where's the science? Conspicuously absent are comments from independent scientists, manufacturers of the demonized products—other than a passing reference to an Abbott Laboratories' package insert—or from the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, the agency that regulates the blood and IV bags whose safety the article questions. The fact is that numerous independent studies and reviews conducted by government bodies have found no scientific evidence of risk associated with the use of vinyl medical products.

C.T. ("KIP") HOWLETT JR.
Executive Director
Chlorine Chemistry Council
Arlington, Va.

ABBOTT LABORATORIES WAS NOT INTERVIEWED for this article, however you stated [based on a product flyer] that it "admits there is too little data to draw hard conclusions" about the safety of polyvinyl chloride. This is completely untrue and contrary to our position. PVC

SHAKESPEARE: THE PRINCE OF FOXES



Hollywood's heralded Shakespeare in Love has put the Bard's own lines onscreen and raised again the tantalizing question of who actually wrote Shakespeare's plays [HISTORY, Feb. 15]. A few decades ago, a Shakespearean renaissance suddenly put the works of the greatest English dramatist on stages all over the world [July 4, 1960], and TIME's theater critic T.E. Kalem, in the excerpts quoted here, took the measure of the writer and his spectacular plays:

"In terms of the intriguing concept developed in Sir Isaiah Berlin's *The Hedgehog and the Fox* ("The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing"), William Shakespeare is the prince of foxes. The hedgehogs are the great systematic thinkers, and, since life is not systematic, they are also the great excluders. The great men of feeling, of whom Shakespeare was the greatest, are the great includers ... He is the poet of this-worldiness; he celebrates love, food, drink, music, friendship, conversation, and the changing, changeless beauties of Nature ... Shakespeare survives because the next to the last word can be said about him—but not the last word. His creations are as opaque as life's; his characters remain inexhaustibly baffling."



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Washington

Modestly Provocative

IN YOUR ARTICLE ON WENDY SHALIT'S NEW book, which promotes a return to sexual modesty for young women [THE SEXES, March 1], you said some of the statements in the book seem naive. As a 45-year-old man, I beg to differ with you. Shalit doesn't seem naive to me. She exposes the emperor as having no clothes. Codes of conduct to prevent sexual harassment are obviously better than lawsuits after the fact. And although conservative writer Katie Roiphe complains about being "condescended to by a 23-year-old virgin," she deserves such treatment. The younger generation has paid its dues simply by surviving the mess we've left them in. Any woman who can see through the sexual ideologies and remain a virgin has a right to lecture our generation.

JOHN R. WILLIAMS
Clifton, N.J.

SURELY YOUR PHOTOGRAPH OF SHALIT WAS intended to evoke titters, as it shows her reclining on a sofa, the defender of feminine modesty happily fondling her pussyat Milton (for Friedman), thereby doubly prim about love and money. I espy antifeminist symbolism.

PHILIP M. RIDEOUT
New York City

A Family Mourns

AS A MEMBER OF THE BELLOFATTO FAMILY, I am responding to the eulogy for Sean Sellers written by Bianca Jagger [NOTEBOOK, Feb. 15]. Jagger described Sell-

EHRlichman's PEN



When Richard Nixon's domestic-affairs adviser, John Ehrlichman, died recently

[MILESTONES, March 1], he was

remembered chiefly for his role in the Watergate scandal, for which he served 18 months in jail. After leaving prison, however, Ehrlichman took on a new role and joined the club of Washington insiders who wrote about what they knew. This is how TIME's critic received Ehrlichman's roman à clef, *The Company* (June 28, 1976):

"The new John Ehrlichman grows a beard, slips into chinos and desert boots, retreats in a VW 'Thing' to his adobe hut ... stacks Mozart on the stereo, and on notebook paper white as virgin sand produces ... what? A novel—the quasireligious American act that digests experience and judges it by the most scrupulous standards known. Holy Hawthorne! Holy Melville! ... Out of can-do performance, into sensitivity—and at the same time, into even more of a power game. The Rosencrantz of the Oval Office, the matey voice on the tape, is now metamorphosed into this all-comprehending recording angel who, in fact, records when and as he sees fit ... What power beyond Washington's lustiest fantasy the roman à clef novelist possesses over his flesh-and-blood puppets!"

ers' execution for murder, stating that he suffered from a mental disorder.] Before murdering his parents, Sellers at the age of 6 killed Robert Bowers, a convenience-store clerk who wouldn't sell him beer. Sellers later murdered his own mother Vonda Bellofatto and his stepfather Paul Lee Bellofatto in their sleep. It was not until after Sellers' final bid for appeal was turned down by the state of Oklahoma and his capital-punishment sentence became inevitable that his legal team propagated claims that Sellers suffered from multiple-personality disorder. Your readers should know that these claims were never proved in either of Sellers' criminal trials. Why didn't you follow accepted journalistic practices and give both sides of the story instead of filling space with a celebrity's drive?

JENNIFER BELLOFATTO CAMPOLA
Vienna, Va.



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Microsoft in the Courtroom

YOUR REPORT ON WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF Microsoft loses the antitrust case against it presages bad news for the giant corporation [BUSINESS, March 1]. However, I hope the court will realize that a whopping fine, the breakup of Microsoft or some such punitive action will be hurtful on a large scale to the millions of shareholders and citizens whose income is related to the company's success.

MURRAY BROMBERG
Bellmore, N.Y.

PEOPLE WHO CONTRIBUTE NOTHING OF substance to the economy wish to break up Microsoft! Let me remind you: these are the same geniuses who broke up AT&T and screwed up the telephone system. I predict the same thing will happen when these #\$\$%&@ dismember Microsoft and the vultures come in.

ROY PROVINS
Albuquerque, N.M.

Playing Creator

I OWN THE "GOD GAMES" SIMCITY AND SimCity 2000 mentioned in your report on empire-building computer games

[TECHNOLOGY, March 1], and I just purchased Civilization II. These games have beautiful graphics, true, but there is so much more. There are many games in which a player tries to kill as many aliens as possible, but now with these god games, players can actually build gorgeous cities or vast empires. Indeed, Super Mario gets old when you have explored the same possibilities hundreds and hundreds of times. Now please excuse me; I need to go negotiate a peace treaty with India.

ALEXANDER PHILLIPS, 14
San Diego

Known for Its Wit

I HOWL OUT LOUD WHEN I WATCH THE TV show *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* [SHOW BUSINESS, March 1]. It is sophisticated, quick and entertaining. This is TV that keeps me on my toes and my synapses firing rapidly. The entire troupe is incredibly talented and funny.

JOYCE E. FENNER
Midlothian, Va.

THANKS FOR THE INSIGHTFUL STORY ON the return of sparkling mind games to broadcasting. For the record, we are the

HERE'S A MAN WITH A LOT ON THE BALL

Tim Forneris, 22, is a computer analyst who works part time as groundskeeper for the St. Louis Cardinals. After he retrieved Mark McGwire's 62nd-home-run ball, Forneris became famous for turning the ball over to McGwire instead of holding on to it and selling it for an estimated \$1 million. Although our columnist Daniel Kadlec called this "an honorable gesture," he used Forneris as an example of some poor personal-finance habits [PERSONAL TIME: YOUR MONEY, Feb. 8]. Among the things Kadlec pointed out were the need to sleep on decisions before you act on them, avoid herd thinking and treat "found money" seriously. Not surprisingly, Forneris wrote back to us. Here is his thoughtful explanation of his actions:



First of all, despite what Mr. Kadlec wrote in his article, I did not get \$5,000 worth of McGwire stuff. I did not ask for any memorabilia and did not receive any. According to Mr. Kadlec, my first sin was the "impulse" decision to give the ball back to Mr. McGwire immediately. But my decision was by no means made on an impulse. I had thought over what I would do if I got a home-run ball, and discussed it with my family and friends.

Also, I can assure you that I was not influenced by herd thinking. What did influence my actions was my family and my background. I have always been taught to respect others and their accomplishments. I value all people's achievements, big and small. In my opinion, Mr. McGwire deserved not only the home-run record for his work but also this ball. Life is about more than just money. It is about family, friends and the experiences you have with them.

As for my third financial sin of "easy come, easy go," I believe some possessions are priceless. To put an economic value on Mr. McGwire's hard work and dedication is absurd. Being the person who received this ball was a great blessing to me. And being able to return it to Mr. McGwire was a real honor and thrill. I still would not trade that experience for a million dollars.

Tim Forneris
Collinsville, Ill.



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three other regular panels left unnamed who appear on the NPR quiz show *Says You!* We'd like to assure you we are very understanding and sympathetic to funny problems like spatial constraints. And, after all, to be perfectly blunt, wit happens! Now, thanks to all our intelligent fans, with ever increasing frequency, more radios are tuned to *Says You!* than any other appliance.

ARNIE REISMAN, PAULA LYONS AND
FRANCINE ACHBAR
South Natick, Mass.

The Greek Experience

AS CURRENT EXECUTIVES OF THE Panhellenic Council at Dartmouth College, we feel obligated to correct the stereotypes presented in Anita Hamilton's article about changes in the fraternity and sorority system at the school [VIEWPOINT, March 1]. Readers should consider the facts and not outdated or untrue stereotypes. For the Greek system at Dartmouth to be constantly compared to the 20-year-old movie *Animal House* is completely unjust. This image, along with the other out-of-date stereotypes to which Hamilton referred, is not

deserved by the Greek system at Dartmouth, considering the tremendous steps we have taken to improve our setup in the past few years.

KELLY BODIO AND JESSICA ROSS
Panhellenic Council
Hanover, N.H.

BECAUSE MY MOTHER HAD SUCH A positive experience in a sorority, I decided to become a part of the Greek community at my college. Going Greek was the biggest mistake I ever made. I have reaped no professional rewards for my sorority experience nor any long-lasting friendships. In fact, I keep my Greek affiliation a secret because I am embarrassed by what many people think of fraternities and sororities.

LAURYN HINDE EVANS
Seattle

FOR EVERY ANITA HAMILTON WHO WAS "locked out of the sorority system," there are hundreds of us for whom the Greek experience as undergraduates was both positive and rewarding and was not centered on *Animal House* antics or around alcohol abuse.

FRANK HOWE
Denver

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Adopt a Life, Joel!

JOEL STEIN'S PIECE IN WHICH HE CALLED the Adopt-a-Highway program the lamest charity he'd ever heard of [NOTEBOOK, March 1] was a slap in the face to those of us who care about the state of the environment. This program provides money and manpower to help clean littered stretches of highway. Maybe Stein enjoys seeing the rotting wrappers that blow across the endless roadways, but most of us do not.

BRANDICE HARTSOCK
Blacksburg, Va.

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A group of six people and a dog are posed in front of a city skyline at night. In the back row, from left to right: an older man in a plaid shirt holding a small dog, a man in a dark jacket, a woman in a black dress, and a man in a dark suit holding a glass of milk. In the front row, a woman in a red dress and a man in a dark suit are also holding glasses of milk. The background shows a city skyline with many lit-up windows.

The general populace isn't merely lacking culture, it's lacking calcium. In fact, 70% of men and 90% of women don't get enough. The enlightened among us, however, drink 3 glasses of milk a day. A practice that can prevent a Freudian condition known as "calcium envy."

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HOW TO MAKE YOUR MONEY GROW

Just about every day, someone will ask me, "Where should I put my money now?" So I thought it might be a good time to share with you some of the most important things I've learned over the years for making the most of your money—how to preserve and protect whatever you may have and make it grow today and tomorrow.

You know that it's up to you—and you alone—to build the assets that someday will enable you to achieve what you want most in life: to buy a home, pay for your children's education, finance a comfortable and creative retirement.

With that in mind, here are some rules I have learned:

- It's never too early and seldom too late to start saving and investing—regularly and faithfully. So if you haven't done it yet, you might be wise to begin in earnest right now.
- How much should you aim to put away? If you're 40 years old or younger, save or invest at least 5% of your pre-tax pay. From age 41 to 45, increase that by one percentage point a year. After 45, put in at least 10% annually—and preferably 15% or more.
- If your employer offers you a tax-deferring, company-sponsored savings plan—such as a 401(k) or a 403(b)—you're probably wise to grab it. Money tends to grow with extra speed when it's tax-deferred. And often your employer may kick in 50 cents or so for every dollar you contribute. That means you collect an immediate gain of 50% on your money.
- You and your spouse are also smart to invest on your own in a tax-deferring Individual Retirement Account or Roth IRA. The rules about IRAs lately have been liberalized, and your banker, broker, mutual fund salesperson or tax preparer can give you the details. And if you are self-employed, make sure that you start a tax-saving Keogh Plan or Simplified Employee Pension (SEP). In all cases, check that you are investing the maximum amounts in these accounts, and that you are allocating your assets in them in the wisest way.
- The best investment for most people is stocks. Over the years, stocks paid an average of just over 11% annually in dividends and price appreciation. That's about twice as much as bonds.



"It's never too early and seldom too late to start saving and investing—regularly and faithfully."

- The surest way to invest in stocks is through what's called dollar cost averaging. You figure out what you can afford to stash away, and then you channel that same, fixed amount of money every month or with every paycheck—as much as you can reasonably afford—come rain, come shine. When markets go up, you can congratulate yourself for having made some

paper profits. When markets go down, figure that you're at a bargain sale. Last month your monthly investment could buy, say, just three shares of your favorite mutual fund. This month it can buy four shares.

- Invest in stocks only for the long term. Don't put money into shares that you're going to need over the next three to five years—for example, to pay college bills. Stocks are so volatile that they sometimes can decline sharply in the short run. Look how they plunged (briefly!) last summer and autumn.

- Mutual funds are often sensible investments, and you can arrange with your bank to have a fixed amount withdrawn from your checking or savings account every month and transferred to a mutual fund. Many funds will accept as little as \$25 a month. One good idea, particularly for beginners, is to invest in a plain vanilla Standard & Poor's 500 stock index fund. Do that and your mutual fund investment should follow the track of the stock market as a whole.

- Visit a lawyer and write a will—right away. Fully two-thirds of adult Americans don't have a valid, up-to-date will. That's a shame because there's no way without a will that you can be sure you will leave whatever you have to whomever you want.

- Check now that you have enough life insurance to cover your family's needs if you're not around. For many people, the most economical and efficient form of coverage is guaranteed annual renewable term life insurance. But remember: If nobody is financially dependent on you, then you probably don't need any insurance at all.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR HELP

In all these matters, you can get considerable assistance along the way.

To begin, visit your banker and ask whether you are collecting the highest interest payments on your federally insured savings. If you are a good customer, your banker sometimes will raise your interest a bit upon your request.

Here's a tip: it often pays to shift your money out of an ordinary savings account and into a money-market deposit account at the same bank. Or, if you can afford to tie up your money for

90 days or longer, move it into a higher yielding certificate of deposit.

It usually also pays to hire a certified financial planner or a chartered financial consultant (ChFC). This professional can help you make a budget, allocate your assets and reach certain financial goals. To find a CFP, call the International Association for Financial Planning at 800-945-4237 or the Institute of Certified Financial Planners at 800-282-7526. For a ChFC, phone the Society of Financial Service Professionals at 888-243-2258.

Many planners will try to sell you various "financial products," such as insurance policies, on which they earn commissions. You may prefer to deal with a fee-only planner, who will charge you a flat fee (generally \$75 to \$200 an hour) and does not sell such products. For names, call the National Association of Personal Financial Advisors at 800-366-2732.



"If you're a long-term investor, you probably will be able to weather the periodic cracks in the market."

Interview at least three candidates before choosing a planner, and ask each one for the phone numbers of several of his or her clients whom you can call for a recommendation. Then BE SURE to call them and ask how well the planner has performed for them. Also ask each candidate to show you some sample plans that he or she has prepared for people in roughly your circumstances (with their names erased, of course).

A CFP will help you make a personal budget and determine how much of your spare cash you should put into savings—and how much into mutual funds, individual stocks, bonds and other investments. But he or she usually will not recommend specific stocks to buy or sell.

For that, you may well need a professional investment adviser, who will charge you a fee of 1% or so of the value of your investments under management. For smaller investors, more and more mutual fund companies and brokerage firms are offering such investment advisory services. Again, closely interview at least three advisers before picking one.

A SENSIBLE STRATEGY FOR STOCKS

Now to elaborate on a point I made earlier about investing: Stocks are the best investments for most people over the long term. But those last two words are crucial: LONG TERM.

You're probably well advised not to put any money into the stock market that you are going to need in the next three to five years. Stocks are much too uncertain for that—as we saw with the market decline last summer and early autumn.

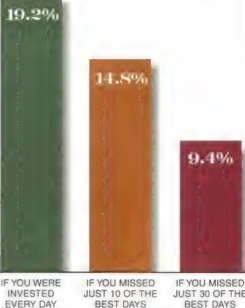
But if you're a long-term investor, then you probably will be able to weather the periodic cracks in the market—and do very well.

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD:

From 1926 through 1998, the 500 stocks in Standard & Poor's index produced an average return—from price gains

CONSISTENCY PAYS

If you invested in an index of the S&P 500 stocks from 1989 through 1998 your return would be...



Source: Standard & Poor's

plus dividends—of 11.2% a year. That's almost double the average 5.8% annual returns from long-term corporate bonds and well over double the 5.3% return from U.S. Treasury bonds.* (Stocks have returned even more on average over the last few years, but that has been a period of abnormally steep market growth, and nobody knows how long it can continue.)

The record shows that consistency pays: If you had stayed invested in an index of the S&P 500 stocks for all 2,528 trading days from 1989 through 1998, your average ANNUAL return from price gains and dividends would have been 19.2%. But if you had pulled out and missed only the 10 best trading days in those 10 years, your annual return would have dropped to 14.8%. Had you missed just the 30 best days, it would have fallen to 9.4%.

The lesson: It doesn't pay to try to "time" the market, to guess what its immediate next moves will be, and then pull out or put yourself back in. It's smarter to have a long-term strategy and stick with it.

Now is a good time to check if you have an effective strategy in place.

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^{††}Dividends will vary with changes in interest rates and a fund's income.

^{†††}High yields reflect the higher credit risks associated with certain lower-rated securities in the fund's portfolio and, in some cases, the lower market prices for these instruments.

^{††††}Alternative minimum tax may apply.

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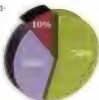


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A key to your strategy is your asset allocation—that is, how you divvy up your investments among stocks, bonds, real estate investment trusts and the like. Many professional advisers will tell you that the “classic” division of investments is:

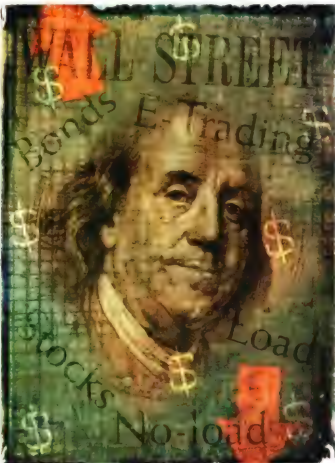


*55% in stocks

*35% in bonds

*10% in cash—that is, money-market funds, U.S. Treasury bills and other safe and liquid short-term savings

But one size doesn't fit all. So if you are a conservative investor, you would be more comfortable with more in bonds and cash, less in stock. If, on the other hand, you are young and optimistic and have good career prospects, you probably would want to put more into stocks, less into bonds. (However, I repeat my earlier warning: Don't sink your 15-year-old's college fund into stocks—or any other money that you'll really need over the next three to five years.)



You may do well to further subdivide your stock market investments into “growth” stocks or funds and “value” stocks or funds. Growth stocks, often in the high-tech industries, hold great promise but sell at steep prices relative to their earnings. Value stocks are those that may offer less glamour but have low-to-moderate price/earnings ratios.

As you become more knowledgeable, you may reach the point where you will do your own trading online, and spare yourself the cost of commissions. But in general, this so-called e-trading is for sophisticated investors, those who feel confident of their decisions and don't need the kind of advice that they would get with full-service brokers and some discount brokers.

When you invest in stocks, you may well find it's wise to buy mutual funds. After all, they offer you both diversification and professional management of your investments.

Mutual funds are well suited for small as well as large investors. At least 500 funds accept an initial investment of \$100 or less, and some have no minimum at all.

You can buy two broad types of funds: load or no-load. You purchase no-load funds directly from a mutual fund company—by mail, telephone or through some discount brokers, and you pay no commission for them. You buy load funds from a stock broker or financial planner and pay a commission. In return for the “load,” this professional should give you expert investment advice and explain to you in detail the fund's objectives, what it invests in and how it has performed in both up and down markets. If he or she does not know or refers you to the prospectus instead, find another salesperson.

Front-end loads have come down dramatically over the past decade and are often lower than 5%. But check for other charges. Before you buy shares of a mutual fund, find out—either by asking the salesperson or by carefully studying the prospectus—exactly how much you're being charged in loads and fees of all kinds.

But just like individual stocks, mutual funds are for the long-term investor. And one more tip: funds that perform best are often managed by people whose records of success go back five or 10 years. So check if the funds that claim outstanding records still have the same managers who built those gains.

You may be missing part of your retirement plan (and not even know it).



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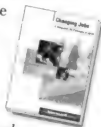
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SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE

SOME KEYS TO ALLOCATING YOUR MONEY

How you allocate your money depends largely on three factors: what purpose you ultimately want to use it for; your age or stage in life; and your own mentality.

- If you plan to use the money within the next three to five years to pay your kids' college bills, be sure you have enough in supersafe investments such as bonds and money-market funds.
- If you're fairly young, have strong career opportunities and a long-term horizon for your investments, you can reasonably afford to pump a large proportion of your money into stocks or into mutual funds that invest in stocks.
- If you're older and retired or nearing retirement, you're probably wise to put a large proportion into bonds and other secure if slower growing investments. But unlike seniors in years past, you probably will **ALWAYS** want to own some stocks or stock mutual funds. That's because people are living to such ripe old ages these days that most seniors will need the faster growth of stocks to provide them with enough to live comfortably.

Regardless of your age, what is supremely important is your mentality or attitude. If you are a naturally conservative person, you're probably smart to stick with secure investments. Nobody can put a price on your ability to sleep soundly at night. On the other hand, if you are more willing to take reasonable risks, and you have faith that the country and its economy will do well over the long term, you might shovel a large part of your free cash into stocks.

Will you make some mistakes along the way? Almost certainly. All of us make some mistakes when it comes to investing. But don't overly worry about your missteps or allow them to paralyze you. Instead, learn from your stumbles—and have a strategy and invest for the LONG TERM.

A century ago J.P. Morgan said, famously, that "the market will fluctuate." Let me edit that a bit to say that in this new era, stock markets will fluctuate SHARPLY.

Don't panic when they do. Don't try to buy in at the very bottom and sell out at the very top. Nobody—but nobody—is prescient enough to do that successfully. Remember what they say on Wall Street: bulls make money and bears make money, but hogs NEVER make money. ●



Marshall Loeb, former managing editor of FORTUNE and MONEY magazines, is currently editor of the Columbia Journalism Review. He is the author of Lifetime Financial Strategies; his daily "Your Dollars" program is broadcast on the CBS Radio Network; and his "Ask Marshall Loeb" column appears on Quicken.com.



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NOTEBOOK

VERBATIM

“Sex is like eating ... Sometimes you have fast food, and sometimes you eat a gourmet meal.”

MONICA LEWINSKY,
in a British interview

“We may end up bombing the Serbs to get them to agree and then fighting the Albanians to get them to disarm.”

HENRY KISSINGER,
speaking against the possibility of U.S. military participation in a NATO peacekeeping force

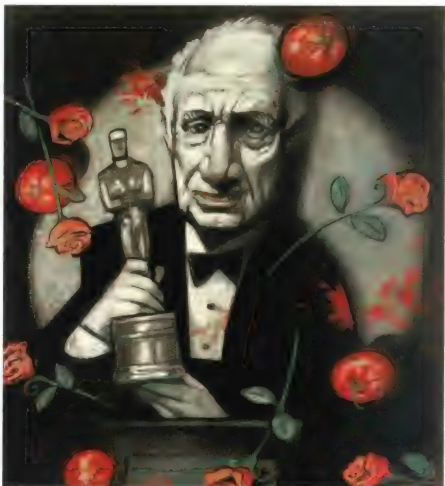
“During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative in creating the Internet.”

AL GORE,
on why Democrats should back him for President over Bill Bradley. A Pentagon agency created the Internet in 1969

“During my service in the United States Congress, I took the initiative in creating the paper clip.”

SENATOR TRENT LOTT,
the majority leader, in a humorous riposte

Sources: Variety; Daily Telegraph; Kissinger: Washington Post; Gore: Late Edition/ABC; Lott: New York Times



L.A. (NOT SO) CONFIDENTIAL Elia Kazan, the director of classic films like *On the Waterfront*, and a man who fingered pals during the McCarthy era, is set to receive an honorary Oscar. Could a Grammy be in Linda Tripp's future?

WINNERS & LOSERS



DONNA SHALALA
Fails three would-be muggers at an ATM. Next up: pay-per-view match with Jesse Ventura?

SUBCOMANDANTE MARCOS
NEA grant for kids' book by rebel leader withdrawn, another grant replaces it

THE AMERICAN PUBLIC
Judge grants Aerosmith's Steven Tyler restraining order, bars nude pics of him

CHARLES BAKALY
Ken Starr's flack lost the battle for hearts and minds. Now he's quit his post amid allegations of leaks

MINNESOTA SPORTS FANS
Marbury leaves T'wolves for Nets; four players suspended from U. of Minn. b-ball team

PARTY OF FIVE
Great show saddled with wacky subplot about evil boyfriend. C'mon guys—you can do better



THE FIRST LADY

Hillary's Encounter with a Runaway Snow Bunny

AMID SPECULATION THAT THE REAL REASON **HILLARY CLINTON** canceled her trip with Bill to Central America was that she is furious with him, sources in Washington say Secret Service agents are vouching for the account that she aggravated an old back injury while skiing in Utah. According to officials, Mrs. Clinton was sideswiped by another skier, which led to a review by Secret Service headquarters to make sure her security detail had been in place to deal with any sudden, threatening movement toward the First Lady. Mrs. Clinton, who wore a hat and dark glasses, apparently went unrecognized by the crowd at Deer Valley. She was standing at the bottom of a slope filled with inexperienced skiers when one of them lost control and ran over the back of her skis. Hillary

KEVIN MAZUR, EAST LANE TRISTE/STUDIO



Hillary at Deer Valley

fell, injuring her back in the process; she complained later of being in pain. (The Secret Service found nothing suspect about the collision.) **MARSHA BERRY**, Mrs. Clinton's spokeswoman, has insisted all along that Hillary stayed home to recover for her forthcoming trip with Chelsea to Africa. And no, they won't be joined by Bill. —By Jay Brangan and Elaine Shannon/Washington

THE ACADEMY AWARDS

A Life Sentence And an Oscar Nod

IT DOESN'T FAZE CONVICT-JOURNALIST **WILBERT RIDEAU** that he won't be able to attend this year's Oscars, even though his searing look at the hopelessness of prison life, *The Farm: Angola, USA*, is up for an Academy Award as best documentary film and will be encoored on the Arts & Entertainment Network on March 15 and March 20. "One thing about prison is it keeps things in perspective," says co-director Rideau, who is 57 and has served 38 years in Louisiana prisons on a life sentence for murder. "The award would be nice, but it won't change my life one iota. I will still walk down to the chow hall afterwards for my beans and rice." *The*



Rideau

Farm examines the bleak struggle of six convicts lost in a living graveyard where few ever get out. Rideau, who taught himself to read and write while on death row for 11 years, kept his story out of the film because, he explains, "it's the only way to get credibility—people listen to you better." He has no illusions that his own long legal struggle for freedom will succeed. "If the courts go by the law, I'll win. If not, I'll lose. It is that simple." As for the Oscars, Rideau says, "it would be nice to be there. But if I don't go this time, there will be another time. I still have a lot of creative juices left in me." —By Richard Woodbury/Denver

POLITICS

A Senate Candidate Waiting in the Wings?

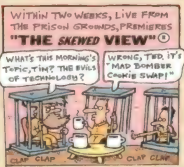
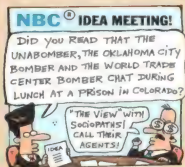
NEW YORK DEMOCRATS ARE WORRIED THAT they may be left in the lurch if **HILLARY CLINTON** ends up deciding not to seek the Senate seat from their state next year. One possible contender had been **ANDREW CUOMO**, the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, who thought about running but then announced he wouldn't in order to spend time helping **AL GORE** get elected Presi-

dent. Now there are hopes that he may reconsider and get in the race if Hillary decides not to. His father **MARIO CUOMO** was disappointed by his initial decision, and has let his feelings be known. "I certainly hope that he would reconsider if it turns out that Hillary doesn't get in the race," the former New York Governor told TIME last week. But his son says that he has not had any second thoughts and is still feeling good about his decision to stay out of the Senate race.



Cuomo

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Born to Run

THIS CLASS OF REPUBLICAN-PRESIDENTIAL candidates does not go light on the pageantry. Even their kickoff announcements or, in the case of George W. Bush and Elizabeth Dole, the announcements of their formation of an "exploratory committee," came with campaign-caliber fanfare.



CANDIDATE	PRELUDE	VENUE	FLANKED BY	SPEECH	AMERICANA	MESSAGE
GEORGE W. BUSH	Rehearses speech with local reporters	Ballroom (Austin, Texas)	George Shultz; Rep. J.C. Watts; Rep. Henry Bonilla	Likens own "compassionate conservatism" to Lincoln's politics	Stage lined with Texas and American flags	Step aside and make room for the juggernaut
ELIZABETH DOLE	Resigns from Red Cross post; hires campaign manager	Convention center (Des Moines, Iowa)	A teacher; a farmer; a 12-year-old girl who hopes to be President	Quotes Reagan's "Are you better off today than you were four years ago?"	Two high school bands; big photos of Dole with Reagan, Jay Leno and various military types	This is not your father's (or my spouse's) presidential campaign
ROBERT C. SMITH	Spends 1 1/2 years on a nationwide political tour	Regional high school (Wolfeboro, N.H.)	A high school administrator; a former POW	Likens own pro-life views to Lincoln's politics	High school band; American Legion guard; candidate's son sporting American-flag necktie	A hometown boy dreams the impossible dream
LAMAR ALEXANDER	Campaigns in '96 and never stops	Old state courthouse (Nashville, Tenn.)	Governor Don Sundquist (Tenn.); Governor Mike Huckabee (Ark.)	Quotes Reagan's "Are you better off today than you were four years ago?"	American flags; candidate sporting all-American business attire	Lamar can play the seasoned professional as well as the plaid-shirted wag

HOPE FLOATS

UP IN THE AIR

On March 1, Bertrand Picard and Brian Jones, co-pilots of the *Breitling Orbiter 3*, took off in the hope of becoming the first balloonists to circumnavigate the globe. We bring you a look at some recent, unsuccessful attempts to achieve that honor.



BALLOON	Cable & Wireless	RE/MAX	ICO/Global Challenger
	launched 2/17/99	canceled 1/15/99	launched 12/18/98
PILOTS	Andy Elson Colin Prescott	David Liniger John Wallington Bob Martin	Richard Branson Steve Fossett Per Lindstrand
DAYS AIRBORNE	17	0	7
UNEXPECTED TWIST	Passed plane full of waving passengers	Never got off the ground	Flew into restricted airspace over Tibet
INSPIRATIONAL QUOTE	"I don't think we failed. We...just found another way that doesn't work"	"If the goal is worthy, you don't give up"	"We'll buck up and start ourselves again"

CALVIN TRILLIN

What Exit Was That, Joe DiMaggio?

IN MY CONSTANT SEARCH FOR AN HONOR I MIGHT decline, I announced some years ago that I didn't want a service area on the New Jersey Turnpike named after me. It seems unlikely that the Turnpike Authority, which had honored a number of Garden State luminaries in that manner, would turn to an ordinary driver who is not from New Jersey, but I thought that nipping the idea in the bud was the sort of thing a prudent citizen did in preparing for his eventual demise. So I was surprised to learn last week that Joe DiMaggio—a man who raised preparation to an art form, a man who planted himself in center field so perfectly for each batter that he was customarily able to catch fly-balls at chest level—died without stating publicly that he did not want his name associated with the West Side Highway.

The West Side Highway is the road that runs along the Hudson River—or, really, stumbles along the Hudson River—on the western edge of Manhattan. By chance, it once gave me a strong intimation of mortality. In 1973 portions of the highway collapsed, triggering years of arguments about replacing it with a gargantuan project called Westway and then more years of constant construction whose purpose has never been apparent. Sitting in a traffic jam maybe 15 years after the original collapse, I was suddenly hit with the realization that I was not going to live to see the West Side Highway back in regular operation.

For New Yorkers, in other words, having your name on the West Side Highway is the equivalent of having your name on the IRS building where taxpayers are instructed to show up, in pos-

session of all financial records and receipts for the previous 14 years, to talk about their audits. This may be the reason that until last week I never heard anyone mention the official name of the road (or at least half of it, from 72nd Street down): the Miller Elevated Highway. Even New Yorkers will cut a guy some slack sooner or later, and I like to think that they've never used the real name because they've been thinking, "O.K. Joyce Kilmer's poetry might have been so bad that he deserved to be memorialized on the Jersey Turnpike by unleaded regular and rest-stop cheeseburgers, but what could a man have done that was bad enough to deserve association with this?"

Julius Miller, a former Manhattan Borough President, was mentioned in passing last week because Mayor Rudolph Giuliani—living proof that not all American boys absorbed Joe DiMaggio's example of doing whatever you do with grace and dignity—took the occasion of Joltin' Joe's death to push the idea of naming the West Side Highway the Joe DiMaggio Highway, and Governor George Pataki resisted that in favor of a freeway in the Bronx. The agendas reflected in the argument were theirs, of course, rather than DiMaggio's; Pataki wants the Bronx Bombers to stay where they are, and Giuliani would like to see Yankee Stadium on the West Side of Manhattan, next to what used to be poor Julius Miller's elevated highway.

If recent New York history is any guide, none of us will live to see the resolution of this. The one comfort we can take as we go to our rewards is that this argument, being purely symbolic, will presumably have no effect on traffic.



THEN & NOW

66 You have a responsibility not to embarrass the President.??

—Former White House adviser

George Stephanopoulos in 1996, blasting Dick Morris for his tell-all book on the Clinton Administration.

44 I've written a book that is honest and fair.?? —Stephanopoulos last week, after the release of *All Too Human*, his revealing look at the Clinton years.



AMERICA'S MOST WANTED

BAD RAP A U.S. District Court last week aired a few Richard Nixon recordings that could use a parental-advisory label. Was Tricky Dick, not N.W.A.'s Ice Cube, the original gangsta? You decide:

NIXON "I want the whole g_d bunch gone after. Put down./ I also want Otis Chandler's income taxes.../ We're going after the Chandlers./ Every one of those sons of b_."

N.W.A. "Ice Cube will swarm On any m_f in a blue uniform."

NIXON "I want you to scare him within an inch of his life."



N.W.A. "We'll go at it punk, I'm a f_ you up."

NIXON "The k_ by the name of Rosenberg./ He is to be out./ He is to be out. Transfer him to some other place out of L.A."

N.W.A. "Of cops, dying in L.A./ Yo Dre, I got something to say F_ the police."



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CREAMY...CRUMBLY...MELLOW...SHARP

You love cheese, and so will your guests. So delight your audience with the versatile and irresistible food that comes in more than 200 domestic varieties.

PARTY FOOD WITH STAR QUALITY

Take a tip from America's top celebrity caterers and serve cheese. According to a recent survey of star caterers conducted by the American Dairy Association,® 93 percent of caterers said they'd put cheese on their awards party menu. In fact, 87 percent said they had served cheese at their "most memorable affair" or for their "most memorable host." Cheddar, Brie and Swiss were caterers' top picks.

HOT TICKETS

These fast and easy-to-prepare items get rave reviews from cheese cravers:

Finger foods—such as Italian cheese toasts, pita melts and cheese balls—will disappear faster than a sore loser in a rented tuxedo.

Fondue, the fun food of the '70s, is back as the party dish of the '90s.

Cheese dips and spreads served in hollowed-out tomatoes or in round, crusty loaves of bread are sure-fire crowd pleasers—especially when you save the bread you removed, cube it and use for fondue dipping.



"Here's one way for a host to give cheese a starring role."

—Mary Bergin,
Executive Pastry Chef
at Spago, Las Vegas

FONTINA MELTS

- 1 1/2 cups fontina*
- 1 medium tomato
- 10 leaves fresh basil, finely sliced
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 teaspoons fresh garlic cloves, minced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 16 pieces French bread (approx. 1 loaf)

* Substitute mozzarella, if you like.

Prep time: 10 minutes

Cooking time: 25 minutes

Recipe yields 16 pieces

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Grate fontina and refrigerate until needed.

Slice tomato into four thick pieces, then cut each slice into quarters. Set aside.

Combine garlic, olive oil, basil, salt and pepper.

Slice French bread 1/4" thick, arrange slices on baking sheet and bake until toasted (approx. 10 minutes each side). Remove from oven and turn on broiler.

Divide cheese evenly on bread slices and broil until cheese is melted (approx. 5 minutes). Place a tomato quarter and spoonful of basil/garlic mixture atop each piece. Transfer to serving platter.


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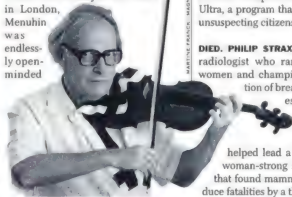
*Based on AMCI overall on- and off-road performance tests using Grand Cherokee with available Quadra-Drive™ and V8 engine.

**70-0 mph braking on dry pavement. Class: Ward's Luxury Middle Sport Utility. Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.

MILESTONES

DIED. GARSON KANIN, 86, playwright and director whose *Born Yesterday* (1946 on stage, 1950 in film) is considered a comedy classic; in New York. With his wife, the actress Ruth Gordon, Kanin wrote the scripts for several of the more celebrated movie pairings of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, including *Adam's Rib* (1949) and *Pat and Mike* (1952). He also claimed some credit for his brother Michael's screenplay for *Woman of the Year* (1942).

DIED. YEHUDI MENUHIN, 82, icon of 20th-century music and world-renowned humanitarian; of heart failure; in Berlin. A few years after stunning a San Francisco audience at his first major concert at age 7, the prodigy went on to play at Carnegie Hall, where colleagues had to tune his violin for him because his fingers were too small. A New York-born Jew who lived in London, Menuhin was endlessly open-minded.



—he loved the Beatles and jammed with Ravi Shankar—and was consumed with using his music to promote world peace. Of his 75-year career, which included establishing schools for young musicians, playing for World War II soldiers and associating with individual Germans during the war (which enraged many Jewish groups), he said, "I am convinced that music can bring men closer together."



DIED. SIDNEY GOTTLIEB, 80, eccentric chemist who ran some of the CIA's most shadowy operations, including the agency's infamous mind-control experiments of the 1950s and '60s; in Washington, Va. Gottlieb once said the paucity of U.S. knowledge on the effect of drugs "posed a threat of the magnitude of national survival" to explain the existence of MK-Ultra, a program that mandated dosing unsuspecting citizens with LSD.

DIED. PHILIP STRAX, 90, impassioned radiologist who ran free clinics for women and championed early detection of breast cancer; in Bethesda, Md. Stricken by the loss of his first wife to the disease, Strax helped lead a landmark 62,000-woman-strong study in the 1960s that found mammography could reduce fatalities by a third.

NUMBERS



2.5 million Estimated number of people betting on the NCAA tournament in on-line pools

280 Total online gambling websites

1 in 75 million Mathematical odds of predicting all 63 NCAA games correctly



\$85,125 Amount raised by House Speaker Denny Hastert's political-action committee, Keep Our Majority, in all of 1998

\$350,000 Amount raised by the PAC in the first two months of 1999, since Hastert became Speaker

\$175,400 House Speaker's salary



\$383 million Taxpayer money spent every year on rescuing boaters, hikers and campers

\$63.15 Average amount spent by rescue services on a stranded hiker

\$150 Amount a climber is charged to scale America's tallest peak, Mount McKinley, in Denali National Park, to defray rescue costs

Sources: Wall Street Sports, Washington Post, AP, National Parks Service

60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM



In the aftermath of **JOE DIMAGGIO'S** death, we asked two baseball aficionados who, in their opinion, will replace the Yankee Clipper as baseball's greatest living legend:

BOB COSTAS: Willie Mays was the best all-around player I ever saw. Hank Aaron's career achievements top any living player's. But the quality of legend is also dependent upon distance and a bit of mystery. **Ted Williams** was perhaps the greatest pure hitter ever, and his career largely predates the television era. Like DiMaggio, what we know and feel about him comes from personal recollections, old photos, and grainy film footage. Williams is the guy.

MARIO CUOMO: There are other living legends like Ted Williams, Willie Mays and Sandy Koufax, whose remarkable powers as baseball players approximate DiMaggio's. But none of these had the beyond-the-baseball dimension that gave DiMaggio a unique place as a popular icon. Their reputation, their image, is purely baseball. Williams was amazing at bat. Mays was a better hitter, almost as good an all-around player. But the truth is, DiMaggio appears to be irreplaceable.

By Harriet Baruch, Tom Gray, Lisa Lefano, David Spitz, Fiona Tarkenton and Chris Taylor

THE BRAWL OVER SPRA





N A T I O N

Before America turns into one giant paved-over subdivision, people are fighting back. Is there hope?

By RICHARD LACAYO

I hear the whistle of the locomotive in the woods... Whew! Whew! Whew! How is real estate here in the swamp and wilderness?

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1842

WHICH BRINGS US TO GREATER Atlanta, 1999. Once a wilderness, it's now a 13-county eruption, one that has been called the fastest-spreading human settlement in history. Already more than 110 miles across, up from just 65 in 1990, it consumes an additional 500 acres of field and farmland every week. What it leaves behind is tract houses, access roads, strip malls, off ramps, industrial parks and billboards advertising more tract houses where the peach trees used to be. Car exhaust is such a problem that Washington is withholding new highway funding until the region complies with federal clean-air standards. On a bad traffic day—basically any weekday with a morning and evening in it—you can review whole years of your life in the time it takes to get from Blockbuster to Fuddruggers.

"We can't go on like this," says Georgia Governor Roy Barnes, a "smart growth" Democrat who was elected last year. Barnes has proposed a regional transportation authority that can block local plans for the new roads that encourage development. But dumb growth is not confined to Atlanta. Half a century after America loaded the car and fled to the suburbs, these boundless, slapdash places are making people want to flee once more. "All of a sudden, they're playing leapfrog with a bulldozer," says Al Gore, who wants to be the antisprawl candidate in 2000.

For Gore, turning an assortment of suburban complaints into a vote-getting issue is no sure thing. But the fact that he's trying shows that suburban overgrowth has become a national headache. Instead of just fleeing the sprawl (and thus creating more of it), people are groping for ways to fight it. Last November there were no fewer than 240 antisprawl ballot initiatives around the country. Most of them passed.

ATLANTA

SPREAD ALERT:
New homes in
Gwinnett County,
part of the fastest-
widening human
settlement ever?

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB BROWN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Some stripped local authorities of the power to approve new subdivisions without voter assent. Others okayed tax money to buy open land before the developers get it. In the largest of those, New Jersey Governor Christine Todd Whitman successfully pushed a referendum to use sales-tax money to buy half the state's undeveloped land—a million acres. "Americans are finally realizing that once you lose land, you can't get it back," she says.

Twelve states have already enacted growth-management laws. Tennessee just adopted one of the strictest, requiring many cities to impose growth boundaries around their perimeters. In Maryland, counties get state money for roads and schools only if they agree to confine growth to areas that the state has designated as suitable. But managed growth is not a win-win proposition. When laws make it harder to build in the countryside, new development is pressed into more expensive land closer to town. That can mean higher home prices, so the single mother who manages a doctor's office or the couple who make \$38,000 a year must choose between a tiny apartment close to work and a 90-min. commute to housing they can afford.

Limiting growth also means dealing with a profound conflict between the good of the community and the rights of the individual. For a lot of people, the good life still means a big house on a big yard. Who's to say they shouldn't get it? Yet smart growth envisions a nation packaged into town houses and apartments, a country that rides trains and buses and leaves the car at home. Everybody hates the drive time, the seuffed and dented banality, of overextended suburbs. But are we ready for the confinement and compromise the solutions require? Maybe not, according to a recent *TIME/CNN* poll. It showed that most people like greenbelts but don't trust government planning.

Americans do believe in property rights—including the right to profit by selling. So



THE ACTIVISTS
Vermont farmer Miskell, above left, helped save the Clark farm with local selectman Mack. In California, Bennett, right, pushed initiatives that stripped politicians of power to approve new developments



the farmers and ranchers who feel squeezed out when tract housing plunks down next to their pasture often think about cashing in. "You get people waving millions," says Ben Wurtsmith, 67, a rancher in Colorado's Eagle County, not far from the exploding area around Vail. "Some days you just think about taking the money and taking off." One way to solve the problem, being used in parts of Colorado, is "development rights," which let builders put up houses more densely near town in exchange

for payments to outlying farmers and ranchers to keep land open.

There's another option being explored in Ventura County, northwest of Los Angeles. At night, what used to be dark hillsides are strung with lights from new tract housing. Those twinkling lights worked on Steve Bennett, a soft-spoken high school history teacher, until he'd had enough. Three years ago he co-founded SOAR (Save Open Space and Agricultural Resources) to get antisprawl initiatives on the ballot. It took just nine weeks last year for Bennett and his allies to collect the 75,000 signatures they needed. In November, large majorities in four of Ventura's five largest cities adopted rules that forbid the county to rezone land for development without voter approval. A fifth city came on board in January.

"We've protected more than 600,000 acres of land," says Bennett. "But more than 60,000 homes can be built in areas already zoned for development. SOAR is an attempt to say some areas have to remain precious." Opposition came mainly from a local farmers' organization. Why? An appraisal by the city of Ventura concluded that 87 acres would be worth \$1.6 million as farmland but \$13 million if zoned for development. "The people of this county have taken away my property rights," says Howard Atkinson, 51, who inherited part of a 57-acre ranch.

If America's detonating metro regions were the result of population growth alone, sprawl would be a problem without a solu-



1973
PRESRAWL: Simi Valley, California



1986
SPRAWLING: The valley's new roads and tract housing shoulder aside the farmland

tion. But they are equally the result of political decisions and economic incentives that lure people ever farther from center cities. For decades, federal highway subsidies have paid for the roads to those far-flung malls and tract houses. Then there are local zoning rules that require large building lots, ensuring more sprawl. Many localities fiercely resist denser housing because it brings in more people but less property-tax revenue. Zoning rules commonly forbid any mix of homes and shops, which worsens traffic by guaranteeing that you burn a quart of gas to find a quart of milk. Even more important, localities routinely agree to extend roads, sewer lines and other utilities to new suburban developments built far from downtown, while existing schools and housing stock are left to decay. "Impact fees" on developers cover just a fraction of what services for newcomers actually cost.

These incentives to expand help create cities that widen much faster than their populations grow. Between 1990 and 1996,

metro Kansas City spread 70%, while its population, now 1.9 million, increased just 5%. In that period greater Portland, Ore., spread just 13%, the same growth rate as its population, now 1.7 million. For a long time Portland has been the laboratory city for smart growth. In 1979, as part of its compliance with a groundbreaking statewide land-use law, Portland imposed a "growth boundary," a ring enclosing the city proper and 23 surrounding towns.

WITHIN THAT CIRCLE, THE Portland-area metro council, the only directly elected regional government in the U.S., controls all development. Inside, permits for new construction are granted readily, which helps account for the construction cranes all around a downtown that looked ready to die 20 years ago. Outside, where open land is strictly protected, there's mostly just the uninter-

red flight of greenery we call nature. Unspoiled stretches of the Willamette River Valley start 15 miles from city hall.

Orderly growth comes at a price. Smaller towns within the ring are submerged by crowding they might otherwise zone out. And within the dwindling buildable space of the ring, average lot size has shrunk almost in half over the past 20 years, from 13,000 sq. ft. to 6,700. Yet the median price of a single-family home has more than doubled in just 10 years, from \$64,000 to \$159,900. Once ranked by the National Association of Home Builders as among the most affordable U.S. cities for housing, Portland is now the third most expensive, just a bit cheaper than San Francisco. One reason is that the growth limits helped attract an influx of new residents, who bid up costs. But another is that developers can't build on cheaper acreage farther from town. And though the growth boundary has been widened, local builders complain that the added acreage falls well short of what a growing population needs.



SPRAWLED: Fed-up Ventura voters stripped the county of the power to approve new development without their assent

TIME/CNN POLL

■ Do you favor or oppose the establishment of a zone or greenbelt around your community where new homes, businesses or stores could not be built on land that is currently undeveloped?

Favor **57%**
Oppose **33%**

From a telephone poll of 1,024 adult Americans taken on Jan. 20-21 for TIME/CNN by TeleResearch Partners Inc. Margin of error is ±3.1%. "Not sure" omitted.

■ Do you favor or oppose using taxpayer money to buy undeveloped land to keep it free from development?

Favor **44%**
Oppose **49%**

■ Which is more important?

The ability of individuals to do what they want with land that they own **69%**

The ability of government to regulate development for the common good **25%**

For all that, the "great wall of Portland" is very popular with area voters. That's one reason Gore wants to make sprawl his issue in the next campaign. He knows that some of his signature environmental concerns, like global warming, can seem remote from the here and now. He's counting on sprawl to be an environmentalism that people get, especially the suburban women who drive those crowded roads and are important swing voters. "Let's build more new homes," Gore recently told TIME, "but build them in places that help make people's lives more enjoyable."

His message may still need work, but his plan has some merit. In January, Gore introduced the Administration's "livability agenda," a collection of new and recycled budget programs (see box). Republicans in Washington have no counterpart, partly because conservatives think government should stay out of the way of private development. But G.O.P. pragmatists are worried. In a recent issue of the Capitol Hill newspaper *Roll Call*, Republican pollster Christine Matthews reported that Gore's "mainstreaming of his environmentalism" was "startlingly on track with voters."

Even if presidential candidates manage to nationalize the issue, Washington doesn't have much to do with the local zoning fights and roadway approvals that determine where development goes. "The battle is going to be won or lost at the state level," says Richard Moe, president of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. And the remedies take many forms. In Illinois, there's Prairie Crossing, a 667-acre subdivision 40 miles north of Chicago, where more than half the land is preserved as green space. Utopia isn't cheap: the median price of homes there is \$331,000, about \$100,000 above that for the immediate area, which doesn't satisfy the need for the lower-cost housing that's driving suburban expansion.

In Chicago's southwestern suburbs, residents have joined with environmentalists in a lawsuit to block a 12.5-mile extension of Interstate 355, one they fear will bring more traffic, more houses, more everything. Two months ago, Illinois transportation officials

announced they would stop appealing a federal judge's decision that has stalled the project since early 1997. The ruling held that state officials had failed to take into account the new road's projected impact on population growth. Opponents are hopeful that alternatives to building the toll road will receive serious consideration. "Highways are billed as antidotes to congestion," says Mike Truppa, a policy specialist at the Environmental Law and Policy Center, which joined the suit. "But inevitably they create more."

Since development tends to pop up anywhere it finds a foothold, the battle to contain it never ends. In the rolling country of Shelburne, Vt., McCabe Brook meanders through the former Clark farm. A developer liked the place so much that he planned to

build 26 houses on its 120 acres. But David Miskell, 50, a bushy-bearded organic-tomato farmer, and dairy farmer Robert Mack, 44, both of whom had been working to preserve other open spaces in the area, helped organize public gatherings to discuss the fact that the development would require taxpayers to finance firehouses and classrooms. "My tomatoes don't go to school," Miskell says. "I think that woke people up."

When Shelburne approved the development anyway, a neighboring town took Shelburne to court, arguing that it would suffer costs from the project. To dramatize how construction would change the area, Miskell constructed scaffolds on the endangered land that approximated the proposed height and footprint of a few of the houses. In December 1997, the embattled developer sold the property to the Preservation Trust of Vermont. "If you are not into controversy," says Miskell, "you are not doing anything."

Keeping land open is just half the battle. The other half is keeping downtowns livable and affordable so people stay happily bunched there. That way new construction tends to cluster within developed zones and use existing roads, schools and utility lines. But for the centerless "edge cities" that collect around major highways, the problem is to create a downtown in the first place. So in Tysons Corner, Va., just outside Washington, county officials have just approved an instant town center—an 18-acre collection of small office buildings that will also house shops and restaurants around a plaza. Albuquerque, N.M., is examining a proposal to refurbish a 12-block area, nearly one-fifth of the city's downtown, into an urban center with entertainment, retail and high-density housing. "It's a typical American problem, the abandoned center," says architect Stefanos Polyzoides, who designed the scheme. "It doesn't have to be like this."

Polyzoides is chairman of the Congress for the New Urbanism, a group of architects and city planners who believe sprawl can be remedied in part through better town design—a return to sidewalks, narrower streets that don't encourage fast driving, a mix of homes and shops. Endlessly elastic suburbia "is not a way we're going to be building in the future," he predicts. The revival of downtowns in places like San Diego and Denver—and, for that matter, Atlanta—and the reaction against sprawl among the suburbanites who spawned it may also be signs, as he says, that the problem can be fixed. But sprawl is mostly indelible ink. Once the roads and houses and strip malls set in, you can't just get them out. The best way to fight sprawl is to stop it before it starts.

—Reported by Wendy Cole/Chicago, Dan Crary/Ventura, Daniel S. Levy/Shelburne, Todd Murphy/Portland and Timothy Roche/Atlanta

GORE'S LIVABILITY AGENDA: CAN IT WORK?



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD

► **BOND AID** States and localities would sell "Better America Bonds," yielding federal tax credits instead of interest. If

Congress approves the idea—a big one—the bonds could raise \$9.5 billion to buy open space, protect water supplies and clean polluted industrial sites. Price in lost tax revenue: \$700 million over five years. But worth it.

► **BUSES AND TRAINS** The plan has \$6.1 billion for mass transit, but most of it was in last year's big transportation bill. So what's new?

► **PLANNING AID** \$40 million in grants would help towns do computer mapping, a smart growth-planning tool. But that's a drop in the bucket. Bottom line: one good idea—the bonds—doesn't add up to an agenda.

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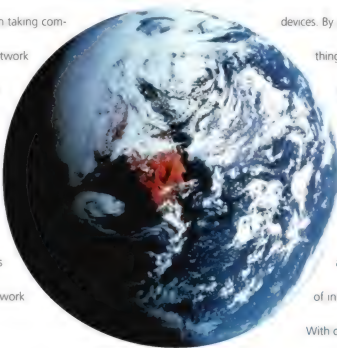
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HOW **NOT** TO CATCH A SPY

A large Trident II missile is shown launching from the bottom right, angled upwards towards the top left. It has a black body with white bands near the nose. A massive, bright orange and yellow flame and white smoke plume erupts from its base, filling the lower half of the frame. The background is a clear blue sky.

**Clinton's way:
first, take years
to snare a
suspect and
beef up security.
Then say you did
everything right.**

By **BRUCE W. NELAN**

THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T LIKE TO catch spies. Nabbing one tends to be embarrassing, seen as proof that the people in charge have been sloppy and lax on security. And it raises painful questions: How much damage has the spy done? Why wasn't he rooted out earlier? Who's making sure such pillaging of the country's vital secrets doesn't happen again? It's an unwinnable debate that no Administration wants to join.

But it is this kind of scandal that hit the White House last week—and the fact that it involved China made the mess even harder to clean up. Bill Clinton has already been bruised by accusations that illegal Chinese contributions found their way into his 1996 campaign and that he was overeager to allow U.S. firms to sell high-end computers and satellite technology to Beijing. Now the "soft on China" shouts are louder than ever, boosted by claims from critics in both parties that top Administration officials delayed and soft-pedaled the investigation into alleged Chinese spying at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico, birthplace of the atom bomb.

The FBI's prime suspect is Taiwanese-born American scientist Wen Ho Lee, 59, who first began working in Los Alamos in the 1970s. A well-placed government source tells *TIME* that Lee traveled to a 1988 seminar in Hong Kong and, with Chinese officials present, allegedly divulged sensitive information on the miniaturization involved in the design of America's most modern warhead, the W-88. In 1995 the CIA obtained a secret Chinese-government document that discussed details of the W-88. The document was dated 1988—the year the warhead went into production and a year in which Lee also visited Beijing. When intelligence analysts studied the data from nine Chinese nuclear tests from 1990 to 1995, they were chagrined to discover that the blasts involved a miniaturized warhead that was a near replica of the W-88. They also concluded, sources tell *TIME*, that China had acquired details of no fewer than five other U.S. warheads.

Still, according to a U.S. official, it was not until mid-1996 that investigators singled Lee out as a suspect, examined his travel and financial records, asked discreet questions about him and started monitoring his movements. Lee apparently had a habit of not locking up classified data. "He's pretty sloppy," says a U.S. official. And he was reportedly defiant when investigators confronted him about the propriety of his Hong

THE ORIGINAL A U.S. Trident II missile, designed to carry W-88 warheads, blasts off

Kong seminar. But Lee was not fired, because the FBI and the Department of Energy, which runs Los Alamos, were still trying to build their case.

In August 1998 Bill Richardson took over Energy from Federico Peña. Soon after, Richardson demanded that the FBI polygraph Lee. He passed, but Richardson suspended his security clearance and moved Lee out of sensitive areas. The Secretary then approved a security crackdown urged by Ed Curran, a former FBI counterespionage specialist hired the previous February to shape up Energy's counterintelligence program. About a month and a half ago, Richardson ordered Energy to polygraph Lee again—and the scientist failed. On Saturday, March 6, the New York Times broke an extensive story on the scandal, and the FBI swept in. They started questioning Lee gently on Saturday then turned up the heat. By 10 p.m. on Sunday, a U.S. official informs TIME, Lee announced, "I'm not going to tell you anything, and I'm ready to go to jail." On Monday, Lee finally lost his job for allegedly breaking security rules: failing to report contacts with people from "sensitive" countries, failing to "safeguard" classified material and giving deceptive answers. So far, no criminal charges have been brought against him for his suspected offense.

When the scandal broke, Clinton, Vice President Al Gore and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright all warned publicly that

this episode must not interfere with constructive relations with China. They were so fast and voluble in defending their China policy last week that they skidded close to confirming the critics' accusation that they are more interested in a "strategic partnership" with Beijing than in facing up to their espionage problem.

"I believe we acted swiftly," insists National Security Adviser Sandy Berger. "I reject the notion there was any dragging of feet." That also sounded a bit odd, coming from an official who was first briefed on the likelihood of espionage at Los Alamos three years ago. Nor was this the first case of Chinese snooping at U.S. weapons labs. During the 1970s and again in the '80s, Taiwanese-born American scientists delivered to China the secrets of, first, the neutron bomb and then laser technology.

THE SHOCKER IS NOT THAT CHINA spies but that the U.S. took such a leisurely approach to countering China's successes. In early 1996 Berger was told about the case and encouraged the FBI to investigate, but he took no steps to increase security at Los Alamos. ("I get similar briefings once a month," shrugs a White House official.) Only in July 1997, after another briefing on laxity at the labs, did Berger tell Clinton. Berger assigned an interagency group to draft tougher security rules for the labs; Clinton signed them in February 1998. The

span of six months from briefing to directive, says a Clinton aide, "is actually pretty quick."

Some White House sources blame the scandal on the culture of scientific sharing. "Scientists think differently than people in the national-security business," and the labs were "enormously porous," says an Administration official.

More important than whodunit is the question of how badly the leak damages American security. Some experts say China would eventually have miniaturized its nuclear weapons on its own. That's probably true, but now Beijing has apparently found a shortcut to the most modern technology. Smaller warheads mean Chinese missiles will be lighter, more mobile, easier to hide and able to hit multiple, longer-range targets.

Such missiles fit neatly into China's strategic plans for reclaiming Taiwan. Its military is modernizing fast, preparing to seize the island province by force if the government there opts for independence. In five or 10 years the People's Liberation Army could be equipped for the mission, and its new, hard-to-find nuclear missiles could be just the thing to deter the U.S. from stepping in. As a Chinese general once predicted to a senior Pentagon official, the U.S. will not intervene because it cares more about Los Angeles than Taipei. With the W-88 in stock, China could soon have the weapons to test its deterrence theory.

—Reported by J.F.O. McAllister, Elaine Shannon and Karen Tumulty/Washington

Who Is Wen Ho Lee?

DON MARSHALL WAITED UNTIL LATE LAST Tuesday night, when the media army had abandoned its post outside Wen Ho Lee's house, to visit his neighbor. He found Lee, the suspected nuclear spy for the Chinese, bewildered but stoical. "He said he was going to leave it in God's hands," Marshall recalls. "He doesn't believe he's done anything wrong and doesn't understand why he's been singled out. It's as if whatever the Fates decree, that's what has to happen."

Neither Marshall nor his wife Jean, both computer programmers in Los Alamos, N.M., who have lived next door to Wen Ho and Sylvia Lee since 1980, believe their friend is capable of doing what the U.S. government suspects: passing to China some of the most damaging nuclear secrets in U.S. history. "I've gone from shock to compassion to outrage," Jean says. "This just doesn't jibe with anything I know about Wen Ho."

As the Marshalls describe him, Lee has lived a life of middle-class bliss in White Rock, 10 miles east of Los Alamos. He likes to fish, cook and tend his backyard garden, according to the Marshalls. He has been, they say, an ideal neighbor—outgoing and never happier than when working in the sun. Says Jean:



Lee, in a 1963 graduation photo; his neat, modest house in White Rock, N.M.



"He's the sort of person who, when he paints his house, will say, 'Do you want me to come over and paint yours?'" Most of all, the Marshalls say, Lee has been committed to the education and welfare of his two children, now in their mid-20s, and other young members of the Chinese community. He obsessed over his kids' SAT scores and college work and established a local Chinese-language course. "He told me once that he was the local 'Dragon,'" Don says. "He was the welcoming committee."

Now Lee's tranquil life may be gone forever. "Their daughter came to visit us last Christmas," says Jean. "I remember her talking about how much her father was looking forward to retiring in December." Jean doesn't bother to ask what will happen to those plans now.

—By Michael Krantz/White Rock

Margaret Carlson

A Tell-All That Doesn't

George Stephanopoulos is being called disloyal, but his book is just a tease

BOOKS BY PEOPLE SEDUCED AND BETRAYED BY THE President are coming out of Washington at the rate of one a week. Just as *Monica's Story* was hitting No. 1 on the best-seller list, George Stephanopoulos uncorked *All Too Human: A Political Education*, an account of his years at Clinton's side. While it is a good read—galloping through the 1992 campaign and Clinton's bumpy first term—it will be known as the latest example of disloyalty at the top, an attempt to cash in on trickle-down celebrity with an instant book.

In a nonstop round of interviews, George has been hit with scathing criticism. On NBC, Katie Couric asked him how it felt to be called a "turncoat" whose take on the President was "kind of creepy." Over at CBS, Mark McEwen said the author was being called a "backstabber" and an "ingrate." On CNN former Clinton adviser Mandy Grunwald noted that if the President hadn't given George the "opportunity of a lifetime," George might still be a Capitol Hill aide, not a "multimillion-dollar book writer and commentator" (inside the White House make that "commentator"). And James Carville says Washington has become *The Truman Show*, broadcasting Clinton's private life in something approaching real time.

Even George, at one time, wouldn't have approved of George. Commenting on Dick Morris' memoirs, George said, "You have a responsibility not to embarrass the President. It hurts the country. It's just stupidity and weakness." That sentiment may have held Stephanopoulos back. He may have been disloyal enough to take nearly \$3 million to write the book, but something kept him from stripping Clinton bare. And so he may lose twice—damned for being disloyal and damned for not being disloyal enough to truly spill the beans.

He shows us Clinton's familiar warts—the chaos he creates, his poll-driven policymaking, his scouring, literally, of a government directory for Attorney General nominees, and the easy way he lies. We get a behind-the-scenes look at Hillary feeding Clinton honey-soaked lemon wedges but then the usual, albeit accurate, picture of a paranoid First Lady, responsible for many of the early mistakes. George doesn't like it that she didn't trust him. Of course, she may have had good reason, since George goes on to disclose that Whitewater made her cry. Ouch.

While we don't learn much that's new about Clinton, we do learn a lot about George. He's weepy and can find the cloud in any silver lining. He was so stressed when he realized what an inept press secretary he was that his face broke

out and he grew a beard to hide it. He delayed seeking therapy and antidepressants because he feared an unflattering story would leak to the press.

It's nice to know that George is a sensitive sort, but it doesn't make up for the shortfall of sensitive information in his book. Tantalizingly, he leads us into the marital breakfast nook, where Bill is hunched over the table, shoveling cereal into his mouth while Hillary wags a finger at him. Then on to the bedroom, where the President is talking to George and Hillary while getting dressed, making George uncomfortable. And then—nothing. Why put us in these rooms if

you're not going to shed light on the most mystifying marriage on the planet? Still, it's this breach of confidence that bothers Carville most. "Even if I were in Starr's bedroom," he says, "I'd respect his privacy. I wouldn't tell you about it."

Stephanopoulos is suffering from the lingering resentment that he was nearly the first pundit to use the "I" word when the Lewinsky scandal first broke. Boy, he was furious then—and he didn't yet know that the lovebirds had had sex in his office! Anyone in George's position would have been angry, but his critics weighed in because Stephanopoulos' outrage rather conveyed

himself as a man who was not going to cover over from Clinton aide to ABC pundit.

Of course, if Stephanopoulos were to call this sorry President fully to account, he would destroy himself as well—his judgment, his sacrifices, his putting life on hold for an existence fueled by skim lattes, serial crises and the coronary poison of campaign food. Residual affection may have given him pause as well. Like Monica, George may still feel the magnetic pull of those early, heady days, when he thought he had found his soul mate. He felt "uniquely known and needed" after meeting Clinton, and his decision to sign on with him instead of Senator Bob Kerrey came from his heart, not his head. Emotion overcomes intellect for him again at the end of the book. Wired up at ABC watching the videotape of Clinton's grand jury testimony, he writes, he saw the President flicker on the screen, alone and unprotected, and "felt a tug inside. Maybe it came from seeing his reading glasses again... But the whole scene was heartbreaking. For the first time in months, I began to sympathize... Off camera, I quietly started to cry." Now what kind of betrayal is that? George, your problem is you're all too human. ■



Clinton and Stephanopoulos: In the end, who betrayed whom?



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Actor nominee



Best Director nominee



Best Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actor nominee



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actor nominee



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Actor nominee



Best Director nominee



Best Actor nominee



Best Actress nominee



Best Actor nominee



Best Actor nominee



Best Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actress nominee



Best Actress nominee



Best Supporting Actor nominee



Best Actress nominee

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Liddy the Closet Liberal?

As Elizabeth Dole launches her campaign, some conservatives are questioning her commitment

By JAMES CARNEY DES MOINES

IF ELIZABETH DOLE HAS A SHOT AT THE Republican nomination, it is because of women like Bonnie Curzio, a stay-at-home mom and independent voter. When she heard that Dole was coming to Des Moines, Iowa, last week to announce her exploratory committee, Curzio bundled her 10-year-old daughter into the car and headed for the convention center. Curzio, 40, didn't know much about Dole, but she was drawn to the event in part because Dole is a woman—the first viable female presidential candidate in American history. "I guess that does make a difference to me, though I don't consider myself a feminist," Curzio said as she and 700 others waited in a jammed auditorium for Dole to arrive. "It would be historic if she won."

Dole is betting on that sense of history to move an army of Bonnie Curzios—women who might not otherwise vote in a primary—to lift her to victory over Texas Governor George W. Bush. But the former American Red Cross president and two-time Cabinet Secretary will have to offer more than personality and symbolism if she hopes to turn inchoate interest into real support. Curzio and others like her want to know the candidate's positions on the issues, but Dole didn't provide many answers in her canned, 25-min. Des Moines speech. If she had a theme beyond

her résumé, it was the nobility of public service—eloquent at times but loaded with platitudes. Her signature line—that Ronald Reagan's famous question "Are you better off today than you were four years ago?" should be rephrased to ask, "Are we better?"—echoes Al Gore, who in 1996 began describing "an America not just better off, but better." And in what has quickly be-

GIRL POWER? Dole is hoping her gender will pull independent women to her cause

come her custom, the candidate fled the event without taking questions from the audience or reporters.

Dole's reluctance to define her politics has opened the door to critics eager to do it for her. Several leading religious conservatives have started attacking her—not for positions that she's taken (there aren't many) but for the apparent ideological bent of the staff members she has hired. Chuck Cunningham, former national-operations director for the Christian Coalition, zapped an e-mail to scores of top conservative activists in early March lambasting Dole for choosing Linda DiVall, whom Cunningham describes as "the left's favorite Republican pollster." Citing DiVall's past work for such "reliably liberal organizations" as Planned Parenthood and the Human Rights Campaign, a gay-rights group, Cunningham warned Dole that hiring DiVall "sends a deafening message to conservatives: Get to the back of the bus and shut up!" Dole has said she opposes abortion except in cases of rape, incest and where the life of the mother is threatened, but die-hard conservatives worry about her staff's influence. Cunningham's Liddy-the-Closet-Liberal complaint was soon picked up by others, including Sheila Moloney, executive director of the conservative Eagle Forum. Moloney calls Dole's selection of advisers—with its emphasis on Eastern Republican operatives like political strategist Kieran Mahoney and committee manager Tom Daffron—"troubling."

Dole's team dismisses the complaints as nonsensical. An adviser says, "People don't vote for or against you on the basis of who

Forbes, Version 2.0

IN 1996 STEVE FORBES BOUGHT ENOUGH TV ADS TO FILL a network. For his second presidential campaign, he's hiring enough people to staff one. The publishing tycoon, who plans to make it official this week, is rolling out a team that dwarfs his rivals'. "Forbes' strategy has been, if it moves, hire it," says Senator John Ashcroft, a onetime rival.

Forbes' new hires reflect his intense courtship of the G.O.P. social conservatives he so angered in 1996. This time he has recruited veterans of the Buchanan brigade and Christian Coalition chieftains in California, Iowa, Georgia and Alaska. These activists will be crucial if Forbes hopes to win early contests. "It's a smart move, snatching up every Christian Coalition and evangelical person that he can," says Bobbie Gobel, head of the Christian Coalition in Iowa, who lost her executive director to Forbes because she couldn't match his offer. Rivals, who back-load salaries to preserve precious cash, charge that Forbes is paying outsize prices to drain the talent pool. Says one who got away: "I don't even think I'm worth what they were offering me."

—John F. Dickerson/Washington



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS FOR TIME

your pollster is." Average voters may not, but to party activists, personnel is policy—especially in the absence of actual positions on the issues. When Bush put out word that he was relying on Reagan Administration veterans for advice rather than his father's circle, conservatives got the message and cheered. For Dole, who reads from the Bible daily and talks openly about her faith, the assault by some in the Christian right is a lesson in the often irrational bitterness that divides the G.O.P.—something her husband, who ran for President three times, knows all about. "Some of these people you can't satisfy," says the former Senator. "They're just out there to criticize. You'll never find a perfect candidate for them."

Or a perfect spouse. Bob Dole has steered clear of his wife's campaign. He was in Washington last week as she made her announcement, and he is conspicuously absent from a 15-min. political spot the Dole campaign is running in Iowa and New Hampshire. But the nation's most famous Viagra user is all over the airwaves anyway, in Pfizer commercials discussing erectile dysfunction, or E.D. The ads are dignified, and the former Senator has been praised for his courage in talking about a condition that may affect 30 million American men. But some conservatives, like Eagle Forum president Phyllis Schlafly, find the ads "embarrassing" and think Mrs. Dole should tell her husband to stop them. Even Mrs. Dole's campaign thinks he is off-message. "It's not good for us," admits an adviser. "Elizabeth has to talk about Viagra everywhere she goes."

Dole has another problem: money. She needs to back up her impressive second-place standing in the early polls with some serious cash. Bush has made that harder by scooping up most of the G.O.P.'s top fund raisers. Dole is still expected to draw wide financial support, but her refusal to put out a list of exploratory-committee members last week was viewed by insiders as a sign of early fund-raising trouble.

And yet, for all her first-round woes, Dole remains a threat to the Bush juggernaut. The mere fact of her candidacy charged up the G.O.P. and caught the attention of a nation more cynical than ever about its politicians. In Des Moines, Dole dropped by the Iowa state girls' basketball tournament and was mobbed by autograph-seeking schoolgirls and their parents. "She'd be the first woman President ever!" declared Shannon Anderson, 13, who sidled up to Dole in the stands. "Awesome!" said her friend Melissa Haglund, 12. "Power to the women!" Dole was smiling as always, but she must know that Girl Power takes you only so far. She'll need more than gender to get where she wants to go. ■

The Bomber Next Door

What are the most dangerous men in America talking about at the Supermax prison in Colorado?

THE BOYS OF THE "BOMBER WING," as the section is informally known, get to see one another only twice a week, for an hour each session. That's when they are allowed into an exercise space to roam within the tight confines of individual wire enclosures 10 ft. from each other. And thus Ted Kaczynski (the Unabomber), Timothy McVeigh (of Oklahoma City infamy) and Ramzi Yousef (mastermind of the World Trade Center attack) get a break from solitary confinement and a chance to be neighborly at the federal maximum-

23-hr. solitary lockup, which, despite the term, is interrupted by the prisoners' yelling brief messages to one another. They are close enough to be heard. Kaczynski is two doors down from McVeigh, who is next to Yousef. Once, in mid-February, McVeigh the Oklahoma bomber spotted a news brief on the Unabomber and shouted for him to watch. Kaczynski, despite his techno-aversion, tuned in to the 3-min. segment. Kaczynski says he doesn't watch TV unless he feels there is a specific reason for it, according to Friedlander.



security prison in Florence, Colo.—a.k.a. Supermax. The repartee isn't exactly *Firing Line*. "They bulls—," says Dennis Hartley, one of McVeigh's new lawyers. "Nobody's crazy enough to talk about escape."

The camaraderie is awkward—they have to shout to be heard. Still, according to Beau Friedlander, a publisher who has corresponded with the jailed Unabomber, Kaczynski, who speaks Spanish, French and German and is interested in learning Turkish, has discussed languages with the polyglot Yousef. Otherwise the banter is "factual things, small talk," says Michael Mello, author of a book on Kaczynski that Friedlander is publishing. "Ted is a sponge for information." The three inmates talk about what's piped into the 13-in. black-and-white TV sets in their cells. Says Bernard Kleinman, Yousef's lawyer: "It's absurd to think that Yousef is discussing chemical explosives with McVeigh."

The garrulosity is unimpeded by the

Still, the proximity of flesh-and-blood company probably counts for something. Which is probably why the lawyer of another Supermax inmate—Luis Felipe, boss of the Latin Kings street gang—has successfully requested to have his client placed among the bombers. When Felipe was in a New York prison, where communication was much less restrained, he allegedly managed to organize gangland hits in the outside world. Hence his transfer to the imposed silence of Supermax. All that, however, has been debilitating, says Felipe's lawyer, Lawrence Feitell. "His power of speech is deteriorating." Could this murderous quartet become *Four Characters in Search of a Talk Show*? Feitell doubts they will be chums, but "in their universe they are the last four people on earth." Frankly, they all deserve one another. —By Howard Chus-Eoan. Reported by Victoria Raineri/New York, Elaine Shannon/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Florence

SURVIVAL OF THE PARANOID

Cambodia's leader talks to TIME about power. For him, it has only two settings: all or nothing

By TERRY MCCARTHY PHNOM PENH

THE ONE-EYED MAN APPEARS TO BE talking about chess. "In order to kill your enemies you should know how to move your pawns," says Hun Sen, Prime Minister of Cambodia. But his thoughts are really on his kind of politics. There are no political opponents, only enemies to be eliminated; no debate, only plots to survive. "If you lead with your big pieces, you put them in danger." He knows about danger. He followed and abandoned the genocidal dictator Pol Pot, survived the Khmer Rouge's killing fields and civil war to become master of a country haunted by 1.7 million unavenged ghosts. For Hun Sen, power means survival, and it has only two settings: all or nothing.

Hun Sen lives in the Tiger's Den, a fortified five-acre compound half an hour's drive from the capital, Phnom Penh. There, during the sporadic outbursts of fighting that threaten his rule, he retreats to his emergency war room, a small building with dark glass windows and aerials on the roof. Inside is a small bedroom. "You see this?" he asks, pointing to a closet with a mirror on the front. "Inside, there is a secret trapdoor into the basement. When you are a soldier, you have to know the ways of escape." He regrets he cannot go to restaurants; he fears assassination too much. Last year an attempt was made on his life in a northern town, using remote-controlled rockets. "In a way I am living in a prison without walls," he tells TIME. Within the compound, he often works till 1 a.m. or 2 a.m. and last week he was busily pitting his instinct to survive against the U.S. State Department's preferred way of dealing with the Khmer Rouge's bloody legacy. His only relaxation is chess. Grinning, he says, "I usually win."

The Prime Minister very rarely grins. He is better known for a brooding scowl and outbursts of temper. But on March 6 he was

ebullient as he presided over his daughter's wedding. His smile was broadcast over a huge video screen to 5,000 guests at tables spread around his house in the Tiger's Den. Hun Sen was doubly happy, he said in his speech, not only because of his daughter's marriage but also because that very day his troops had arrested Ta Mok, the Khmer Rouge leader also known as "the Butcher," the last of the rebel commanders still at large since the death of the fugitive Pol Pot in the jungle last year. But diplomats at the feast were less than pleased. Hun Sen said Ta Mok was to be tried in a Cambodian court, not in the international tribunal the U.N. has been planning for months, and he did not talk about arresting other Khmer Rouge leaders. In fact, Hun Sen admitted to TIME that he was "scared" of putting all the aging leaders on trial at this time.

Only two years ago, Hun Sen requested U.N. assistance in setting up an international tribunal to try Khmer Rouge leaders for some of the worst crimes against humanity this century has seen. Last month three independent U.N. jurists presented him with a report on how 20 to 30 top Khmer Rouge leaders could be put on trial in another Asian country. But after two decades of denouncing the "genocidal regime of Pol Pot," Hun Sen is balky. "We have no confidence in an international court of law," he says.

The Prime Minister begins talking about himself in the third person. "Hun Sen has nothing to lose by a trial of the Khmer Rouge leaders—only to gain," he says. "The problem is not the Khmer Rouge, but their relations with others. If we didn't need national reconciliation, I would not be scared of a trial. We have to be cautious to avoid any panic among leaders of the Khmer Rouge." Hun Sen fears that a large-scale trial would disturb the balance he has achieved, one that has rabid guerrillas, royalists and former communists from his own party in check under his stringent authority. "For



"The Butcher"

Hun Sen said he was ecstatic that his troops had arrested Ta Mok, above, the last of the Khmer Rouge's rebel commanders still at large responsible for the killing fields

the first time in 30 years," he says, "Cambodia is at peace." U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright feels otherwise about a trial: "We think it is the only way to bring reconciliation." Hun Sen dismisses such disagreement. "If one wants to work with Hun Sen, one should study Hun Sen's résumé closely," says the Prime Minister. "I don't like being pressed."



"I am living in a prison without walls. Compared to other people, it seems I am very lonely."

—Hun Sen,
Cambodian
Prime Minister



The more Hun Sen feels threatened, the more his dark side shows. After losing an election in 1993, he bullied his way into a coalition government and then, in July 1997, staged a coup that drove his opponents and erstwhile partners out of the country. The international community cut off most aid in protest to the bloodiness of the coup and the 100 or so executions that

came after it. But Hun Sen survived all that.

The political killings have continued, and although Hun Sen denies Cambodia is "a country of impunity," his promises to investigate and arrest the killers have come to nothing. He may not have personally ordered the killings, but some of his lieutenants are widely feared: victims have been found with eyes gouged out or hands cut off,

clearly tortured before they were killed. Says Christophe Peschoux of the U.N. Human Rights office in Phnom Penh: "It is the chronic problem of Cambodia. They cannot manage conflict. Either they use intermediaries, or they reach for the gun. They cannot sit down and discuss differences."

Hun Sen's life has been dominated by one issue: survival. Concern for himself, politically and physically, has been so overpowering that every decision he makes—from a car journey to the appointment of a general—is a function of "Will this make me safer?" He started with nothing. The villagers in his native Peam Koh Sna, four hours up the Mekong River from Phnom Penh, remember him as a clever, quiet boy. He displayed "a talent to persuade people by speaking," according to Chin Tho, 58, who farms tobacco along the river. But Hun Sen's family was poorer than average, and he never finished school. To this day, he is more at ease campaigning in the rice fields than talking politics in the city. And the Prime Minister, who is proud of a son about to graduate from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, likes to show off the honorary degrees he has been awarded by small colleges in California and Iowa.

At 19, Hun Sen was a company commander in the Khmer Rouge with a pistol strapped to his hip, fighting the U.S.-backed government of Lon Nol. He survived the war although he lost his left eye, and he then fled to Vietnam to escape bitter purges by an increasingly paranoid Pol Pot. Many colleagues who fell afoul of Pol Pot were tortured to death in the infamous Tuol Sleng prison in Phnom Penh. "I lost my first child during Pol Pot's time," Hun Sen says. "One of my in-laws was killed and many of my uncles and nephews." He returned to Cambodia as part of the Vietnamese-backed government after Hanoi's 1979 invasion sent Pol Pot and his forces into the jungle. From those redoubts, they would harry Hun Sen for two decades.

Hun Sen is now 47 and has outlasted Pol Pot. The remaining Khmer Rouge leaders are decrepit, living in a small backwater town, their forces depleted. But the Khmer Rouge taught Hun Sen fear, and they taught it well. In the end, it is fear that stands between Hun Sen and the trials. "If we just kill these people, will we have peace?" he asks. But if he waits too long, fear will become his epitaph. Cambodia cannot wait forever for justice. "This is the only chance we have to set up a system so people will respect the law," says Youk Chhang, head of the Documentation Center of Cambodia, which has been compiling records of Khmer Rouge killings. "How can you walk away from 1.7 million lives?" ■

EYEING THE COMPETITION

Corporate espionage is so pernicious that the U.S. passed a law to curb it. But in today's global economy, dirty tricks are all in a day's work

By DANIEL EISENBERG

THE TITLE OF THE HAND-SCRIBBLED memo outlined Waste Management's goal in no uncertain terms: "Cadiz Kill." In 1995 Cadiz Inc., an agricultural firm based in Santa Monica, Calif., was leading opposition to Waste Management's proposal to build a mega-garbage dump near its property. So, like any other tactically thinking business, the country's largest trash hauler brought in a consultant to get things moving.

Joseph Lauricella, though, wasn't your typical McKinsey man. He set up a sham pro-dump grassroots organization. His duties, according to San Bernardino County grand jury indictments and his testimony, included swiping confidential data, sabotaging potential deals and spreading rumors that linked Cadiz to illegal dumping and drug trafficking—all in an attempt to drive down its stock price and cripple its lobbying efforts. Last fall Lauricella was sentenced to six years in prison for his consulting efforts. Waste Management and four of its executives, who claim that Lauricella was a renegade acting on his own, have pleaded not guilty to various charges, including stock fraud and wiretapping.

Waste Management may specialize in garbage, but it isn't the only outfit accused of playing dirty. Far from it. Just last week, Motorola sued Intel for allegedly hiring away key employees to obtain its microchip trade secrets. Minneapolis-based agribusiness giant Cargill recently acknowledged that a rogue employee may have lifted proprietary genetic material

from a competitor, an admission that effectively killed a \$650 million deal to sell its North American seed division to a German biotech venture.

Next week a Taiwanese father-and-daughter business team is scheduled to be tried for paying a U.S. research engineer to pilfer manufacturing secrets from label maker Avery Dennison. Another Taiwanese-based executive goes on trial in early April, charged with attempting to buy the secret formula for Bristol-Myers Squibb's cancer drug Taxol for \$400,000—just one of many alleged plots to fleece R. and D.-rich pharmaceutical firms. Last spring a Gillette consultant went to prison for trying to market secret designs of the company's Mach3 razor to competitors such as Bic. And a small Maryland soft-drink distributor claims that Coca-Cola Enterprises, the bottler partly owned by Coke, used wiretapping and other shady tactics to destroy his business. CCE denies all the charges.

Cheating in business, of course, is older than the wheel. But corporate spooks and saboteurs are especially busy in today's global, high-tech economy, where the most prized assets can be stored on a disk and surveillance equipment can fit on a shirt button. To help slow them down, Congress passed the Economic Espionage Act of 1996, which carries a long prison term for intellectual-property theft. The good guys haven't had much luck yet, though not for lack of effort. The FBI has nearly tripled its investigations into corporate espionage in the past year. But in 1997 at least \$25 billion in intellectual property was stolen from U.S. corporations, by a conservative estimate. And these aren't just cases of for-





eign spies left over from the cold war working for new capitalist bosses. Increasingly, U.S. firms are turning to Dumpster divers or computer hackers to stay ahead of the competition, and disgruntled workers are walking off with classified material. One worrisome ploy, the FBI says, is to send in spies posing as tech consultants on the Y2K computer bug.

The first federal economic-espionage case to go to trial, however, is decidedly low-tech—in essence, it's all about glue. In Youngstown, Ohio, next week, Justice Department attorneys will argue that Pin Yen Yang, president of Taiwan-based Four Pillars Enterprise, and his daughter paid Avery Dennison engineer Ten Hong "Victor" Lee \$67,500 over a four-year period to steal the \$3 billion-a-year company's formulas for making adhesive labels and tape. Officials say China—already defending against charges of nuclear espionage in the Los Alamos case—and Taiwan are among the most notorious purloiners of business secrets, allegedly sending graduate students to infiltrate companies and bring data home.

But, as in any case of cloak-and-dagger, it's sometimes hard to tell exactly who's snookering whom. Four Pillars recently turned the tables and filed suit in China and Taiwan, charging that in the late '80s and early '90s, Avery lured the much smaller Four Pillars (annual sales: \$140 million) into discussion about a joint venture in China in order to steal manufacturing information so it could set up its own competing factory. Intriguingly, Four Pillars will argue that by luring the government into the case and helping the FBI set up a sting operation, Avery used the Economic Espionage Act as a competitive weapon. Avery Dennison, which denies those charges, says Four Pillars' suit is simply an attempt to "distract attention from its own criminal conduct."

In this era of downsizing and diminished corporate loyalty, close to two-thirds of all U.S. intellectual-property losses can be traced to insiders, according to Richard J. Heffernan, a Branford, Conn., security consultant and co-author of a biannual espionage survey by the American Society for Industrial Security. "People are always looking for somebody who looks different, when a great deal of the theft is committed by insiders who walk and talk just like you and me," notes Heffernan.

Last fall Cargill was accused by Pioneer Hi-Bred International, a leading seed developer, of stealing its closely guarded genetic material. Initially, Cargill vehemently denied any wrongdoing, but during settlement talks it acknowledged uncovering "problem areas." Though it won't elaborate much, Cargill says an employee who previously worked for Pioneer and is the target of a lawsuit may have mixed some of Pioneer's breeding material into Cargill's seed corn products without the company's knowledge.

To protect themselves against employees who walk out for the next best offer, corporations have taken a harder line against talent raids, essentially equating them to espionage. That seems to be the case with Wal-Mart's trade-secret suit

IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT ...



WASTE MANAGEMENT allegedly hired **Joseph Lauricella** to sabotage **CADIZ**, which opposed its plans to build a mega-garbage dump



CARGILL recently admitted that a rogue worker may have lifted genetic seed material from **PIONEER HI-BRED**



amazon.com

WAL-MART claims online bookseller

AMAZON.COM hired away its top techies to copy its database, which has been a key competitive weapon



against Amazon.com. The nation's largest retailer contends that the Web's leading e-tailer lured 15 of its top techies out to Seattle from Wal-Mart's hometown of Bentonville, Ark., for the express purpose of duplicating its prized information database—a vast system that tracks customer shopping patterns and product flow. "There's a lot of computer talent out in the Valley," notes Wal-Mart spokeswoman Betsy Reithemeyer. "If you're coming to Bentonville, you're looking for something specific." Amazon has filed a countersuit denying the accusations. The company says it was just looking for talented people.

Robert N. Friedman, CEO of discount retailer Loehmann's, has no such defense, at least according to a lawsuit filed by Forty Three Apparel, a New York City-based women's-fashion maker. In mid-1997, the suit contends, Friedman pressured Forty

Three Apparel president Mark Singer, who depended on Loehmann's for 80% of his business, into giving Friedman's wife Debbie a high-level job. Within a year, she left the firm, allegedly with clothing patterns and manufacturing processes, and started her own competing outfit. (Loehmann's says the suit has no merit.) It didn't take long, Singer argues, for Forty Three Apparel to lose its Loehmann's business to Debbie Friedman and sink into bankruptcy.

You don't necessarily need James Bond to pilfer corporate secrets. Amateur actors will do fine. Over the past few years, textile manufacturer Milliken & Co. allegedly stole information from a host of rivals without so much as a bug or a mole. Instead, according to a lawsuit filed last October by Johnston Industries, based in Columbus, Ga., one Milliken employee posed as a business-school student researching a paper, and another played a Swiss banker seeking investment opportunities. One alleged target, NRB Industries, has reportedly settled its case against Milliken. The \$2 billion-a-year titan has denied the charges, but Johnston, a \$330 million-a-year textile firm, claims it lost \$30 million to the alleged skullduggery. "It defies logic," says president D. Clark Ogle, "that a company 10 times our size would feel threatened [enough] to do that."

Since passage of the Economic Espionage Act, only 13 criminal cases have gone to indictment. In December two men were sentenced for scheming to sell Intel prototype microchips to rival Cyrix, and most recently a California man, David Kern, was charged with stealing engineering secrets from his former employer, Vari-ant Associates, a leading Silicon Valley maker of radiotherapy systems used to treat cancer. For more than a year, a federal grand jury has reportedly been looking into whether a subsidiary of financial-information giant Reuters was involved in an attempt to steal data from rival Bloomberg (Reuters says it is cooperating and denies any wrongdoing).

Prosecuting such crimes is no easy matter. Many companies shy away from reporting incidents for fear of bad publicity or having to divulge their treasured secrets in court. That may be a small price to pay, though. For now, the underhanded tactics "are classics for one reason," says Alan Brill, of investigative firm Kroll Associates. "They still work."

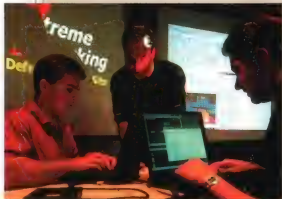
—With reporting by Elaine Shannon/Washington, Jackson Baker/Memphis, Marsha L. Gilbert/Greenville, Janice Maloney/San Francisco, Dion Nissenbaum/San Bernardino and other bureaus

CRACKING THE CODE

THE DRESS CODE IS BUSINESS CASUAL—NO JEANS ALLOWED, NOT TO MENTION pierced noses. It's the first day of class—hacking class—and the instructors, smartly attired in matching corporate polo shirts, point at screens full of code and step-by-step directions on how to hack a host computer. "Get this: No username, no password, and we're connected," says one. "I'm starting to get tingles. They're going to be toast pretty quick." Geekspeak, at least, is still de rigueur.

In the world of corporate espionage, a company's host computer is the mother lode, which means that protecting it is vital. That's the goal of Extreme Hacking, one of a growing number of counterhacking courses that teach perfectly respectable people the how-tos of cracking their own networks so they can better protect them. "We're kind of wearing the white and black hats at the same time," says Eric Schultze, the Ernst & Young instructor who gets tingles from an exposed password file.

How easy is it to hack? If these guys can teach a novice like me how to break



BREAK-IN: Corporate counterhackers learn just how vulnerable their company's servers are

through a firewall, I figure, then all our networks are in trouble. Guess what? All our networks—at least, the ones without encryption keys or extremely alert administrators—are in trouble. Why? Because this is the information age, and the average computer gives up far too much information about itself. Because a network is only as strong as its weakest user. And because the most common log-on password in the world, even in non-English speaking countries, is "password." With users like this, who needs enemies?

How big a problem is this in the real world? "Rarely is there a moment when a hacker isn't trying to get into our networks," says a senior Microsoft executive. "People go looking for that weak link." Recently hackers found a backdoor through a user in Europe—an administrator, no less—with a blank password. This allowed the hacker root access—the ability to change everyone else's password, jump onto other systems and mess up the payroll file.

In our first class, we have no problem rooting around in the Web servers of a top Internet company. We find three open ports on the firewall and a vulnerable mail server. "This network is a f—ing mess," says a classmate. "We need to have a word with these people."

Over the next few days, any faith I had in the security of the world around me crumbles. Think your password is safe because it isn't "password"? If it's in the dictionary, there is software that will solve it within minutes. If it's a complex combination of letters and numbers, that may take an hour or so. There is software that will hijack your desktop and cursor—and you won't even know about it. Hacking doesn't require much hardware; even a Palm Pilot can do it. What protection do you have? "Minimize enticements," say the teachers. If you don't want to be a victim of information rape, in other words, don't let your network give out so many details to strangers.

Old-school hackers scoff at the notion that businesses can stop them. "Corporations can't teach hacking," says Emmanuel Goldstein, editor of the hacker quarterly 2600. "It has to be in you." Perhaps. But if a few more firms learn to avoid becoming toast, that's no bad thing.

—By Chris Taylor

SONY

Being somewhat new to the game of soccer, the guys figured out rather quickly what they valued most in life. And they've never looked better.

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FAST FORWARD



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OPEC Talks Tough Again

Cash-strapped oil nations are threatening to cut production. But can they afford to turn off the tap?

By ADAM ZAGORIN

SAUDI ARABIA IS A LAND RICH IN OIL and privileged royal princes. Yet it is so tight for cash that Crown Prince Abdullah, who is running the show for the ailing King Fahd, has boldly cut the budget. And he is reportedly sending out "Abdullahgrams" to spendthrift nephews, demanding that they reverse their habit of ignoring telephone and electricity bills or face service cutoffs like ordinary Saudis.

That's also why the monarchy's peripatetic Petroleum Minister, Ali Naimi, was trying last week to broker production cuts among major oil producers to sop up a global glut that has recently pushed prices to a 12-year low, barely higher in real terms than in 1973. After several days of haggling at meetings in Europe and the Persian Gulf, Naimi finally announced a breakthrough: Iran, Algeria, Venezuela, Mexico and the Saudis agreed to press OPEC (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) and non-OPEC countries for a 2 million-bbl.-a-day reduction in the flow of crude, a figure equivalent to nearly 3% of world output.

Are we heading for another oil shock? Not even close. Although the news sent futures prices for West Texas crude rocketing past the \$15 barrier, and gasoline may soon rise a few cents per gal., the world is still awash in oil. And there's not much that OPEC can do about it. (The latest spot price of Saudi Arabian light is also starting to rebound, at \$9.96.) Indeed, traders are watching to see whether OPEC, which has been unable to police its members in the past, can deliver the promised reductions when it meets on March 23 in Vienna. "Oil exporters are trying to build an emergency bridge to the 21st century," explains Daniel Yergin, chairman of Cambridge Energy Research Associates. "If OPEC had not reached this agreement, or if it does not stick, the alternative will be more low prices and economic turmoil."

Most consumers, of course, think the current oil glut is just great, akin to a tax cut. American motorists are filling their tanks

for under \$1 per gal., less than the price of bottled water. America's annual oil bill dropped roughly \$40 billion last year, and that money has shifted to other parts of the booming economy. The result is lower inflation and higher growth, with savings that show up on everything from home-heating bills to airline fuel and utility charges. Says Cynthia Latta, principal U.S. economist at Standard & Poor's/DRI: "Higher oil prices will be widely felt across the economy, but they are not likely to pose an immediate threat to continued low inflation and robust consumer spending."

Yet some Americans do pay a huge

about a bleak pricing future, one reason they are merging. British Petroleum and Amoco recently united, hoping to save more than \$2 billion annually, with a reduction of 6,000 workers. The new Exxon/Mobil combination is expected to save about \$2.8 billion, with 9,000 jobs eliminated. Conoco, Texaco and Chevron are also expected to reduce staff.

For the Saudis, the aim is to absorb some 300 million bbl. of supply overhang and bring inventories more in line with demand. It won't be easy. Nearly a year ago, some of the same countries that signed on to last week's deal agreed to reduce oil production by a whopping 3.1 million bbl. daily. When that happened, prices rose from \$13 to more than \$17 per bbl. Then flagrant quota busting, higher production from Iraq, warmer winter weather and lower demand for energy in Asia combined to wreck the price-fixing scheme, and oil crashed to just over \$10.

Why won't the same thing happen again? The first test will come when OPEC

Cutting Back...

Total daily world production of oil is now 75.6 million barrels. Producers plan to cut 2 million a day starting April 1.



...To Halt Falling Prices

After hitting historic lows, oil prices have firmed up a bit recently, but the supply is huge, and producing nations like Russia and Venezuela are hungry.



price for cheap oil. Texas' petroleum industry, for example, loses roughly 10,000 jobs for every \$1 drop in the value of crude. Nationwide the price collapse has so far cost 24,000 jobs, with an additional 17,000 at risk in the first half of 1999, according to the American Petroleum Institute. Almost 140,000 domestic oil wells have been abandoned in little over a year, principally in Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado and Louisiana, forcing U.S. daily production down by 360,000 bbl. a day. In Alaska, which depends on tax revenues from oil, the state is forecasting a \$1 billion budget gap, equal to about half the money it needs to pay for the day-to-day running of government.

Even big oil companies are worried

decides the allocation of production cuts among 10 of its members. Saudi Arabia alone seems prepared to accept reductions of 500,000 bbl. a day in output. But that still leaves 1.5 million bbl. in reduced production and revenues to divvy up among the other members. Many of them, including Iran, Indonesia, Nigeria and Venezuela, are in much greater need of cash than even the Saudis. "I don't like to project what is going to happen," Saudi oil czar Naimi told TIME last week. "But I believe we will be successful in coming to an agreement to reduce surplus inventory and to lift the price." If not, the princes can expect a few more Abdullahgrams. —With

reporting by Scott MacLeod/Rhydh

The Post-Scandal Blur

The all-news TV channels face life without Monica

GEORGE STEPHANOPOULOS, PROMOTING his new book, was doing his bit for the cause last week, but to most sensible news viewers the Monica Lewinsky scandal is over. Which means that the TV pundits are having to get reacquainted with issues like school vouchers, and the all-news channels are discovering once again that—except for the times when we're unraveling a President's sex life, watching a former NFL star beat a murder rap or bombing Iraq—not all that many people want to watch news.

The aggregate prime-time audience for the three leading cable news channels—CNN, MSNBC and Fox—more than doubled at the height of the scandal and has predictably dropped way off since then. Less predictably, the battlefield looks different since the smoke has cleared. Fox, the youngest and least widely carried of the three (38.8 million homes, vs. 47.8 million for MSNBC and 75.9 million for CNN), has moved past MSNBC and into second place in the important prime-time hours, with a lineup of talk shows featuring Bill O'Reilly, Catherine Crier and conservative-liberal duo Sean Hannity and Alan Colmes. MSNBC still draws more viewers around the clock. And CNN leads both by a wide margin. But last Monday, for the first time ever, Fox beat MSNBC in 24-hour ratings—a milestone for Rupert Murdoch's upstart.

In the groggy Monica morning-after, all three networks are reassessing strategy. Fox has hit on a successful formula that seems patterned after in-your-face (and predominantly conservative) talk radio. The Clinton scandal galvanized its core audience, and Fox seems the most reluctant of the three to let the story die. Last week it reported that Hillary Clinton no longer wants to be "in the same bed" with her husband. Yet Fox executives insist the channel is not a one-trick pony. "We're doing political and Washington news for people who like political and Washington news," says chief Washington correspondent Brit Hume. "That may be

only a few hundred thousand people, but that's plenty."

Downplaying Fox's gains, MSNBC executives point out that it draws more viewers in the key 25-to-54 age group sought by advertisers and that its audience is spread more widely across the Internet and other NBC-owned channels. (Brian Williams' nightly newscast, for example, is repeated an hour later on CNBC.) Though conservative hosts John McLaughlin and Oliver North were brought onboard during Monicagate, MSNBC executives may be rethinking their saturation-talk approach. "We'll be all over the next big story," says vice president Erik Sorenson, "but not in exactly the same way. We learned something about tonnage. The blather got excessive."



Market leader CNN (owned by TIME parent Time Warner) has its own problems. Its prime-time audience is the only one of the three to decline from a year ago. Yet CNN chief Rick Kaplan says the network will continue to stress the breadth of its coverage. "I don't want to put the network in a situation where if there's no news, we pick out the most tabloid story and talk about that for a whole day," he says. "Our core news viewer wants a mix."

—By Richard Zoglin

With reporting by William Tynan/New York



AGAINST THE ODDS: Hall spent thousands hoping to improve his chances of winning

Sweepstakes Under Scrutiny

Should Congress end deceptive contest ads?

WITH A BOX OF TISSUES BESIDE HIM, Eustace Hall, a retired medical technologist from Brandon, Fla., broke down and cried. A confessed mail-order-sweepstakes addict, Hall, 65, said he has spent at least \$15,000 on contests since 1992 trying to help put his daughter through law school. "After all the time and money I spent, I have nothing to show for it," he admitted.

Hall was one of several witnesses to testify last week before the Senate's subcommittee on investigations, chaired by the C.O.P.'s Susan Collins of Maine, who wants to regulate sweepstakes and fine companies engaged in trickery. Sweepstakes organizers, who use the contests to hawk magazines, books and videos, would be required to display prominently on their mailings the odds of winning. And they would be barred from telling contestants they are winners when they are not. Facing a room full of industry lobbyists—they could be winners!—Collins charged that contest organizers are "exploiting people's dreams through these deceptive mailings."

And their gullibility. The companies, which include American Family Enterprises (partly owned by Time Inc., publisher of TIME), Publishers Clearing House and the Reader's Digest Association, might prefer to avoid regulation. They testified that contest rules and odds are being made clearer and that the names of people who spend exorbitant amounts of money on subscriptions in the hope of improving their odds were being dropped from their lists. That might avoid the complications created by one elderly contestant who signed up for magazines stretching until 2086. The subscriber then died, presumably wiser but poorer. His estate is trying to sort out the problem. —By Adam Zagorin/Washington

In *Business @ the Speed of Thought*, Microsoft's chairman says that only managers who master the digital universe will gain competitive advantage

BILL GATES' NEW RULES

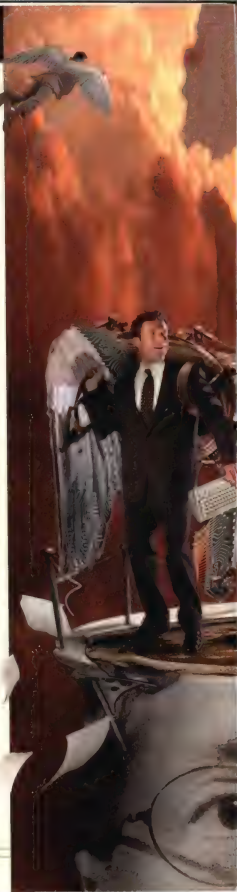
By BILL GATES

IF THE 1980S WERE ABOUT QUALITY AND THE 1990S WERE about re-engineering, then the 2000s will be about velocity. About how quickly business itself will be transacted. About how information access will alter the lifestyle of consumers and their expectations of business. Quality improvements and business-process improvements will occur far faster. When the increase in velocity is great enough, the very nature of business changes.

To function in the digital age, we have developed a new digital infrastructure. It's like the human nervous system. Companies need to have that same kind of nervous system—the ability to run smoothly and efficiently, to respond quickly to emergencies and opportunities, to quickly get valuable information to the people in the company who need it, the ability to quickly make decisions and interact with customers.

The successful companies of the next decade will be the ones that use digital tools to reinvent the way they work. To make digital information flow an intrinsic part of your company, here are 12 key steps.

From *Business @ The Speed of Thought: Using a Digital Nervous System*, by Bill Gates. © 1999 by William H. Gates, III. To be published this month by Warner Books, USA.





1 INSIST THAT COMMUNICATION FLOW THROUGH E-MAIL

FOR A LARGE COMPANY TO BE ABLE TO maneuver as well as or better than a smaller competitor is a testament to both the energy of the employees and the use of digital systems. Personal initiative and responsibility are enhanced in an environment that fosters discussion. E-mail, a key component of our digital nervous system, does just that. It helps turn middle managers from information filterers into "doers." There's no doubt that e-mail flattens the hierarchical structure of an organization. It encourages people to speak up. It encourages managers to listen. That's why, when customers ask what's the first thing they can do to get more value out of their information systems and foster collaboration in their companies, I always answer, "E-mail."

I read all the e-mail that employees send me, and I pass items on to people for action. I find unsolicited mail an incredibly good way to stay aware of the attitudes and issues affecting the many people who work at Microsoft. The old saying "Knowledge is power" sometimes makes people hoard knowledge. They believe that knowledge hoarding makes them indispensable. Power comes not from knowledge kept but from knowledge shared. A company's values and reward system should reflect that idea.

I like good news as much as the next person, but it also puts me in a skeptical frame of mind. I wonder what bad news I'm not hearing. When somebody sends me an e-mail about an account we've won, I always think, "There are a lot of accounts nobody has sent mail about. Does that mean we've lost all of those?" A good e-mail system ensures that bad news can travel fast, but your people have to be willing to send you the news. You have to be consistently receptive to bad news, and then you have to act on it. Sometimes I think my most important job as CEO is to listen for bad news. If you don't act on it, your people will eventually stop bringing bad news to your attention. And that's the beginning of the end.

2 STUDY SALES DATA ONLINE TO SHARE INSIGHTS EASILY

"KNOW YOUR NUMBERS" IS A FUNDAMENTAL precept of business. You need to gather your business's data at every step of the way and in every interaction with your customers. With your partners too. Then you need to understand what the data means.

Making data digital from the start can trigger a whole range of positive events. The Coca-Cola Co. is collecting data directly from smart vending machines via cellular phones or infrared signals. A PC-based restocking program at the local bottler office analyzes the data and produces a delivery slip that tells drivers which

products and locations need to get stocked the next day.

Taking advantage of digital data at the source can even create new business opportunities. A pilot program in Texas lets customers use a credit or debit card to pay for Coke drinks while fueling at a gas station. Since most people who pay at the pump don't go into the building, the digital sales system at the pump creates a whole segment of new customers for Coke.

When figures are in electronic form, knowledge workers can study them, annotate them, look at them in any amount of detail or in any view they want and pass them around for collaboration. Going digital changes your business.

3 SHIFT KNOWLEDGE WORKERS INTO HIGH-LEVEL THINKING

A COMPANY'S MIDDLE MANAGERS AND line employees, not just its high-level executives, need to see business data. They're the people who need precise, actionable data because they're the ones who need to act. They need an immediate, constant flow and rich views of the right information. Companies should spend less time protecting financial data from employees and more time teaching them to analyze and act on it.

At McDonald's, until recently, sales data had to be manually "touched" several times before making its way to the people who needed it. Today McDonald's is well on the way to installing a new information system that uses PCs and Web technologies to tally sales at all its restaurants in real time. As soon as you order two Happy Meals, a McDonald's marketing manager will know. Rather than superficial or anecdotal data, the marketer will have hard, factual data for tracking trends.

What I'm describing here is a new level of information analysis that enables knowledge workers to turn passive data into active information—what M.I.T.'s Michael Dertouzos calls information-as-a-verb.

4 USE DIGITAL TOOLS TO CREATE VIRTUAL TEAMS

A COLLABORATIVE CULTURE, REINFORCED by information flow, makes it possible for smart people all over a company to be in touch with each other. When you get a critical mass of high-IQ people working in concert, the energy level shoots way up. Knowledge management is a fancy term for a simple idea. You're managing data, documents and people's efforts. Your aim should be to enhance the way people work together, share ideas, sometimes wrangle and build on one another's ideas—and then act in concert for a common purpose.

Jacques (Jac) Nasser, president and CEO of Ford, sends



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BOOK EXCERPT BILL GATES' 12 RULES

e-mail to Ford employees worldwide, sharing news—the good and the bad—with everybody. No one screens the e-mail. He talks straight to the employees. He also reads hundreds of responses he gets each month and assigns a member of his team to reply to any that need follow-up.

Getting people motivated to take on responsibility is not a question of organizational structure so much as organizational attitude. Digital tools are the best way to open the door and add flexibility. If the right people can be working on the issues within hours instead of days, a business obtains a huge advantage.

5 CONVERT EVERY PAPER PROCESS TO A DIGITAL PROCESS

IN 1996 I DECIDED TO LOOK INTO the ways that Microsoft, a big advocate of replacing paper with electronic forms, was still using paper. To my surprise, we had printed 350,000 paper copies of sales reports that year. I asked for a copy of every paper form we used. The thick binder that landed on my desk contained hundreds and hundreds of forms.

Paper consumption was only a symptom of a bigger problem, though: administrative processes that were too complicated and time-intensive. Using our intranet to replace paper forms has produced striking results for us. We have reduced the number of paper forms from more than 1,000 to a company-wide total of 60 forms.

Companies talk about rewarding initiative and keeping workers focused on business. When employees see a company eliminate bottlenecks and time-draining routine administrative chores from their workdays, they know the company values their time—and wants them to use it profitably.

6 USE DIGITAL TOOLS TO ELIMINATE SINGLE-TASK JOBS

AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE HAD an uncle who spent 25 years at an auto plant in Flint, Mich., tacking chrome strips and other finish parts onto automobiles. It was a good job in the years immediately after World War II, but it followed the classic Industrial Age approach: break a process into small, discrete tasks and assign each to one person who does it over and over "the one best way."

In the new organization, the worker is no longer a cog in the machine but is an intelligent part of the overall process. Having people focus on whole processes allows them to tackle more interesting, challenging work. A one-dimensional job (a task) can be eliminated, automated or rolled into a bigger process.

General Motors launched the Saturn Corp. back in 1985 to create not only a brand-new car from scratch but

a brand-new way of building cars and empowering workers. Teams are tight, autonomous units. Each team has a specific function, such as building engines or doors, and each team member is trained to do approximately 30 different jobs in that area, so that people don't get stale from doing repetitive tasks. Through a Web interface, the worker can retrieve data from a database, automatically load the data into a spreadsheet and pivot through the data to analyze it by part and type of problem.

Give your workers more sophisticated jobs along with better tools, and you'll discover that your employees will become more responsible and bring more intelligence to their work. One-dimensional, repetitive work is exactly what computers, robots and other machines are best at—and what human workers are poorly suited to and almost uniformly despise. In the digital age, you need to make knowledge workers out of every employee possible.

7 CREATE A DIGITAL FEEDBACK LOOP

SINCE MICHAEL HAMMER AND JAMES Champy introduced the concept of re-engineering in 1993, companies the world over have been re-examining their business processes. When I read their book, *Reengineering the Corporation*, three of their ideas really stood out for me. The first is that you need to step back periodically to take a hard look at your processes. Do they solve the right problems? Can they be simplified? The second is that if you cut a job into too many pieces and involve too many people, nobody can see the whole process and the work will bog down. The third, closely related to the second, is that too many hand-offs create too many likely points of failure.

Creating a new process is a major project. You should have a specific definition of success, a specific beginning and end in terms of time and tasks, intermediate milestones and a budget. The best projects are those in which people have the customer scenario clearly in mind. That's true of process projects too.

Digital technology makes it possible to develop much better processes instead of being stuck with variations on the old paper processes that give you only incremental improvements. You need to be flexible in the face of evolving requirements. You should have a crisp decision process to evaluate change, including a provision for re-evaluating your original project goals.



“IN THE NEW ORGANIZATION, THE WORKER IS NO LONGER A COG IN THE MACHINE.”



Q

Why does the moon
stay in the sky?

What makes
the stars twinkle?

How does
the Internet work?

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USE DIGITAL SYSTEMS TO ROUTE CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS IMMEDIATELY

LISTENING TO CUSTOMERS MEANS HEARING their complaints about current product shortcomings. But getting bad news from customers passed all the way to the product design groups is surprisingly hard to do.

I recommend the following approach:

1. Focus on your most unhappy customers.
2. Use technology to gather rich information on their unhappy experiences with your product and to find out what they want you to put into the product.
3. Use technology to drive the news to the right people in a hurry.

If you do these three things, you'll turn those draining bad news experiences into an exhilarating process of improving your product or service. Unhappy customers are always a concern. They're also your greatest opportunity.

Companies that invest early in digital nervous systems to capture, analyze and capitalize on customer input will differentiate themselves from competition. You should examine customer complaints more often than company financials. And your digital systems should help you convert bad news to improved products and services.



USE DIGITAL COMMUNICATION TO REDEFINE THE BOUNDARIES

THE INTERNET ALLOWS A COMPANY TO focus far more than in the past by changing which employees work within the walls and which work outside in an adjunct, consulting or partnering role.

For Microsoft, outsourcing has been a way to temper the expansion of our work force and reduce management overhead, but it hasn't stopped the growth of our work force. The Web work style, in which each contributor or company organizes itself optimally, enables us to extend our electronic web of partnerships and—I hope—keeps us from growing big in the wrong areas and becoming ineffective through too much overhead.

As a business manager, you need to take a hard look at your core competencies. Revisit the areas of your company that aren't directly involved in those competencies, and consider whether Web technologies can enable you to spin off those tasks. Let another company take over the management responsibilities for that work, and use modern communications technology to work closely with the people—now partners instead of employees—doing the work. In the Web work style, employees can push the freedom the Web provides to its limits.



TRANSFORM EVERY BUSINESS PROCESS INTO JUST-IN-TIME DELIVERY

M.I.T.'S NICHOLAS NEGROPONTE describes the difference between physical products and information products in the digital age as the difference between moving atoms around (physical products such as cars and computers) and moving bits around (electronic products such as financial analyses and news broadcasts). Producers of bits can use the Internet to reduce their delivery times to practically zero. Producers of atoms still can't beam the physical objects through space, but they can use bitspeed—digital coordination of all kinds—to bring reaction time down dramatically.

In some industries, the issue is not so much faster time to market as it is maintaining time to market in the face of astronomically rising complexity. Intel, for instance, has consistently had a 90-day production cycle for its chips, which power most PCs. Intel expects to maintain this 90-day production rate despite the increasing complexity of the microprocessor.

Ultimately the most important "speed" issue for companies is cultural. It's changing the perceptions within a company about the rapidity with which everybody has to move. Everybody must realize that if you don't meet customer demand quickly enough, without sacrificing quality, a competitor will.



USE DIGITAL DELIVERY TO ELIMINATE THE MIDDLE MAN

IN 1995, IN THE ROAD AHEAD, I USED the term friction-free capitalism to describe how the Internet was helping to create Adam Smith's ideal marketplace, in which buyers and sellers can easily find one another without taking much time or spending much money.

If you're a middleman, the Internet's promise of cheaper prices and faster service can "disintermediate" you, eliminate your role of assisting the transaction between the producer and the consumer. If the Internet is about to disintermediate you, one tack is to use the Internet to get back into the action.

That's what Egghead.com (formerly Egghead), a major retail software chain, did after struggling for several years. Egghead closed all of its physical stores nationwide in 1998 and set up shop exclusively on the Internet. Egghead now offers a number of new online programs that take advantage of the Internet, such as electronic auctions for about 50 different categories of hardware and software and for

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you might be surprised how many
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Hard work has its rewards.

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BOOK EXCERPT BILL GATES' 12 RULES

reconditioned computers. It puts special liquidation prices on systems available on its website and sends out a weekly e-mail "Hot List" with exclusive offers available only to e-mail subscribers.

For the majority of products, which are available through many outlets, consumers will be the greatest beneficiaries. For unique products and services, sellers will find more potential customers and may command higher prices. The more consumers adopt the Web life-style, the closer the economy will move toward Adam Smith's perfect market in all areas of commerce.



USE DIGITAL TOOLS TO HELP CUSTOMERS SOLVE PROBLEMS FOR THEMSELVES

AS ELECTRONIC COMMERCE BOOMS, it's not just the middlemen who will find creative ways to use the Internet to strengthen their relationships and customers. The merchants who treat e-commerce as more than a digital cash register will do the best.

Dell was one of the first major companies to move to e-commerce. A global computer supplier with more than \$18 billion in revenue, Dell began selling its products online in mid-1996. The company's online business quickly

rose from \$1 million a week to \$1 million a day. Soon it jumped to \$3 million a day, then \$5 million. It's now risen to \$14 million.

Michael Dell characterizes the business today as "different combinations of face-to-face, ear-to-ear and keyboard-to-keyboard. Each has its place. The Internet doesn't replace people. It makes them more efficient. By moving routine interactions to the Web and enabling customers to do some things for themselves, we've freed up our salespeople to do more meaningful things with customers."

Smart companies will combine Internet services and personal contact in programs that give their customers the benefits of both kinds of interaction. You want to move pure transactions to the Internet, use online communication for information sharing and routine communication, and reserve face-to-face interaction for the activities that add the most value.

AS I SAID IN *THE ROAD AHEAD*, WE ALWAYS OVERESTIMATE the change that will occur in the next two years and underestimate the change that will occur in the next 10. Don't let yourself be lulled into inaction.

You know you have built an excellent digital nervous system when information flows through your organization as quickly and naturally as thought in a human being and when you can use technology to marshal and coordinate teams of people as quickly as you can focus an individual on an issue. It's business at the speed of thought.

For more information on Bill Gates and Microsoft, check out our supersite at timedigital.com/microsoft

IS THERE A CHAPTER MISSING, BILL?

By CHRIS TAYLOR



WHETHER YOU'RE A FAN of his work or consider him a little too gauche, you can't deny that Bill Gates likes to use broad brush strokes. *Business @ the Speed of Thought* is full of them: How he turned Microsoft around like a supertanker on a dime and pointed it toward the Internet in late 1995. How a plague of paper records at his Redmond, Wash., headquarters was all but eradicated under his guidance. And so on. But the boldest, broadest stroke of all is this: at a time when the Justice Department appears likely to pop the software Goliath one on the chin, Gates studiously manages to keep mum on the ongoing antitrust trial. Not one peep of anger, frustration or resignation is allowed to pass his literary lips.

Doubtless this is simply practical professionalism from the world's rich-

est executive, a man with an almost Clinton-like ability to compartmentalize. Still, it leaves us in a quandary. When we last saw Bill Gates, as a fuzzy image on a videotaped deposition, he appeared surly and arrogant. He followed each question with a lengthy silence, denied knowledge of e-mails he had written and professed not to understand words like "market share," "concerned" or "ask." He was, in other words, one of the most potent weapons in the government's armory.

Now Bill the tousle-haired billionaire is back, bursting with business advice and all the exuberance of a boy genius. Sun, Apple, IBM and Intel are merely examples of companies that use digital nervous systems. You'd never guess they also play a major part in the feds' case. "Trial" to this Gates means nothing more than putting a new software product through its paces.

What is the

world to think of this Jekyll-and-Hyde performance? Take, for example, the sage advice from Gates the author, who exhorts us to appreciate less-than-salutary tidings. "I have a natural instinct for hunting down grim news," he writes. "If it's out there, I want to know about it. The people who work for me have figured this out."

Such diktats, however, do not seem to apply to the DOJ suit, potentially the grimmest piece of news Microsoft has received in its 24-year existence. "This antitrust thing will blow over," a lackadaisical Gates told Intel executives back in 1995. When the government's complaint finally hit his desk in 1998, according to his own testimony, the software titan refused to read a word of it. Given the chance to reassess his videotaped Q. and A. in the light of its disastrous courtroom debut, CEO Gates conceded only that he should have "smiled a bit." As Gates the



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BOOK EXCERPT BILL GATES' NEW RULES

author would have told him: "A CEO avoiding bad news is the beginning of the end."

If there ever was a time for Microsoft employees to slap their boss with a reality check, this is it. The antitrust trial is on a six-week hiatus. Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson urged the two sides to come up with a settlement in the interim. Intel settled its suit with the FTC last week before the case even went to court, sidestepping the kind of white-hot publicity that has roasted Microsoft. And yet the only word to come out of Redmond is a leaked memo from Microsoft lawyer David Heiner to the executive team. Shunning all evidence to the contrary—including Judge Jackson's stern admonitions and chief prosecutor David Boies' demolition of defense witnesses—Heiner insists that the government's case is a house of cards built on "various random incidents or pieces of e-mail." Bad news, it seems, will have to wait a little longer.

Are the two faces of Gates irreconcilable? Not entirely. Both are in love with e-mail, even though one has been publicly burned by his. In this antitrust case, Gates' In and Out boxes are the nearest things to a smoking gun, as far as the feds are concerned. Among their favorite extracts: "Winning Internet browser share is very important to us," "Do we have a clear plan on what we want Apple to do to undermine Sun?" and "I think there is a very powerful deal of some kind we could do with Netscape."

You might think a man who has had his company e-mail captured by the government, read aloud in a courtroom and printed around the world would be put off electronic messaging for life. But Gates the author adores the medium. His ideal business model has management inundating its underlings with e-mails in a free-and-easy manner that would give some corporate lawyers a heart attack. "There's no doubt that e-mail flattens the hierarchical structure of an organization," he writes. "It encourages people to speak up."

As an article of faith, it's touching. As a core principle of the wired age—the free-flow of information—it's the one thing that holds our vision of this complex character together. And if it doesn't always work out in reality as Gates the author imagines it will—if Gates the defendant doesn't much resemble the portrait he painted in those bold brush strokes—that's hardly surprising. Few of us ever do. ■



CAPITOL APPRECIATION: Gates has been spending more time—and money—in D.C.

MICROSOFT AND THE G.O.P.: ANTITRUST INSURANCE?

REPUBLICANS KNOW AT LEAST TWO things about Microsoft: it is an \$11 billion enterprise and, thanks to the antitrust suit brought against it by the Clinton Justice Department, it is willing to invest some of that money in the G.O.P. So when Microsoft was listed as a "table sponsor" for last week's gala dinner of the National Republican Congressional Committee, indicating a \$25,000 donation, nobody was startled. The surprise may come as further Microsoft contributions are tallied in coming months. Sources tell TIME that the committee's top officials have asked the software giant for \$1 million—which, if delivered, would place it among the uppermost donors to either party. A committee spokeswoman wouldn't confirm the amount but said it was expected that Microsoft would give "a very considerable amount" beyond the table fee.

Bill Gates has opened a multifront war against the antitrust actions filed last year by the Federal Government and 19 states. The \$1.3 million handed out by Microsoft in 1997 and '98—two-thirds of it to Republicans—was three times its outlays in the previous election cycle.

In some states that have sued the

company, including New York, Microsoft has retained operatives with ties to the attorneys general to argue against the litigation. Former Republican Party chairman Haley Barbour is arguing Microsoft's position with Republican Governors. The company's other lobbyists include four former members of Congress—Republicans Rod Chandler and Vin Weber and Democrats Tom Downey and Vic Fazio—and former aides to Senate majority leader Trent Lott and House majority leader Dick Armey.

What can Congress do for Microsoft? A Justice Department official says it could pass legislation that would effectively override any court-imposed solution in the antitrust case. And there are precedents. In 1981, AT&T tried, without success, to avoid a breakup by pushing a bill to restructure the company on more favorable terms. Much later, regional Bell companies, chafing under restrictions of the AT&T decree, were able to get it rendered moot by the 1996 Telecommunications Act. A blunter approach would be to forbid the Justice Department to spend any funds enforcing a court decree. Congress "could make it tough," says the official. But such a fight is likely only if Microsoft invests wisely in Washington. —By Viveca Novak/Washington

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THE DIGITAL DIVIDE

Small towns that lack high-speed Internet access find it harder to attract new jobs

By CHRIS O'MALLEY

WILEY MIDDLETON IS EXACTLY the sort of fellow whom small towns love to welcome home. A 45-year-old graphics designer who honed his craft in bigger cities, Middleton moved back to his native Leadville, Colo., 18 months ago, eager to trade urban pressures for the serenity of this historic mining town of 3,421. But Leadville's telephone system is quaint too, and won't let his computer model send the digital images that are his livelihood. This regularly forces Middleton to drive two hours to Denver to deliver electronic designs for brochures and ads. "I can't compete," he laments, again facing the prospect of leaving Leadville for the city. "The phone line is too small."

Or too narrow, to be more precise. The aging patchwork of thin wires and microwave towers that brings phone service to millions of Americans in remote spots like mountainous Leadville can barely transmit at speeds of 28.8 kilobits per second or less—assuming they can dial up a local Internet service at all. Meanwhile, much of the country has moved up to 56K modems or adopted one of the new broadband telephone and cable-company services that bring the Net to homes and businesses up to 100 times as fast. And the gap between online haves and have-nots appears to be widening.

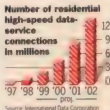
"There is a growing digital divide," says Philip Burgess, president of the Center for the New West, an advocacy group whose board includes Solomon Trujillo, CEO of regional phone giant US West, and Utah Governor Michael Leavitt. The gulf, Burgess warns, could have "dire implications" for the social and economic fabric of many communities, particularly those in sparsely populated Western states.

Many of the start-up businesses that are driving employment and wealth in the new economy are built around the Internet and won't locate where it can't be speedily accessed. Even established businesses require high-speed Net connections to communicate effectively with customers, suppliers and employees. Professionals consider the bandwidth available in a locality when they decide where to work, live and buy vacation homes. The same calculation is made by affluent retirees who track investments online. At the same time, kids who aren't skilled on the Net face a growing disadvantage in college and the job market.

Not all the barriers to Internet access are geographic. The online population is still largely well educated, pale skinned and upper-middle income—a point the Rev. Jesse Jackson reinforced in recent speeches to Silicon Valley leaders. Whites are twice as likely as blacks to own a computer and three times as likely to be plugged into the Internet.

Dead zones in cyberspace can be found in states like Georgia, Mississippi and Maine, but the digital divide is particularly acute in Western states. Consider that in New Jersey the average distance between a customer and the phone company's nearest switching facility is about 2.6 miles. In Wyoming the distance is twice as far, and the cost to the phone company of reaching a customer is twice as high, according to figures from Sprint. Parts of the rural West have as few as half a dozen households per square mile (compared with thousands in urban and suburban areas); thus phone companies have less incentive to invest in stringing new lines there. "It does not make sense to build out into the rural market today," says Erik Olbeter, a telecommunications expert at the Economic Strategy Institute, a Washington-based think tank.

For decades Washington mandated



The Digital Landscape

Experts say densely populated U.S. counties with the most Internet-service providers (see chart) also enjoy more high-speed access to all the Net has to offer

Plugged In

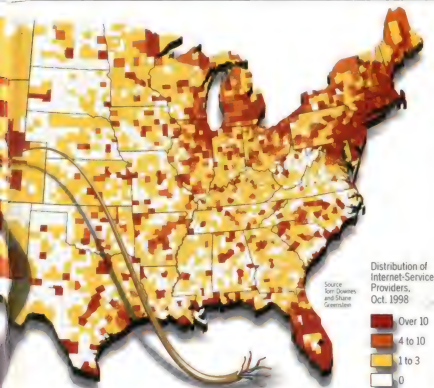
Vail, Colo.
pop. 4,454

Only 38 miles north of Leadville, the affluent ski resort at Vail offers a hilltop station where snowboarders can check stock quotes and their e-mail on a speedy T1 line



subsidies that were aimed at putting a phone in every home, and some say that promise should extend to Internet service. "We're going to have to make a commitment to provide some level of [higher-speed] Internet service to rural Americans," says Federal Communications Commission chairman William Kennard. Does that mean cable and computer companies could be required to chip into a universal service fund? "You bet," says Kennard.

That kind of equal-access talk incites the ire of many high-tech capitalists. "To tell me I've got to serve someone at a certain speed regardless of the cost because he chooses to live in the far reaches of



Distribution of
Internet-Service
Providers,
Oct. 1998



Unplugged

Leadville, Colo.
pop. 3,421

Graphics designer Wiley Middleton moved back to Leadville for its small-town comforts. But antiquated phone lines are choking his digital-imaging business



Montana is not fair," says Carry Betty, president and CEO of Earthlink, a nationwide Internet-service provider. "Let them pay for it themselves."

Easier said than done, even if you've got the money. Total TV Network, a publisher of Bible-study materials and videos in Plano, Texas, considered moving to Durango, Colo., drawn by the pleasantly paced life-style and natural beauty. But the company was unable to get a couple of broadband T1 lines to approach what it had back home, so it ditched Durango. It's an all too familiar rejection for thousands of smaller cities and towns. In the past year, because Durango lacked sufficient

bandwidth, it has had to turn away two firms seeking to open calling centers. Each might have hired 30 or 40 people.

Regional phone companies like US West complain that the FCC has been slow to let them compete with long-distance giants such as AT&T, MCI and Sprint. The long-distance companies, in turn, accuse regional carriers of blocking access to their networks.

Despite the feuding, competition has come to some areas even well outside larger cities. But many of the service providers are cherry picking only the most lucrative business and professional customers, not smaller outposts or homes. For example, small-town ski meccas such as Aspen and

Vail, while not far from blighted Leadville, enjoy fast and ready Internet access.

The problems are more than just economic. Not all the technological wizardry that permits high-speed Internet access in urban centers can work its magic in rural areas. So-called digital subscriber lines and 56K modems can't deliver higher speeds when your house is many miles from the nearest phone-switching office, and cable-TV companies often leave the more remote spots to the satellite-dish sellers.

Satellite and other types of high-speed wireless technologies would seem to offer hope for spanning great distances and reaching the thinly wired. Indeed, the cost of downloading Web pages via a rooftop satellite dish is falling. Hughes' DirecPC dish now sells for as little as \$299, with monthly service starting at about \$30. But this one-way technology won't serve the needs of many businesses and professionals like graphics designer Middleton.

Last month Motorola and Cisco Systems said they would jointly ante up \$1 billion over four years to create wireless, high-speed Internet networks. AT&T and others are experimenting with cellular-like services that compress data and bring high-speed Web access into homes. That could help some rural areas. But while wireless towers can easily cover vast stretches of the plains, it's a far costlier matter to erect enough towers to throw signals around the Rocky Mountains. Moreover, many of the companies that are talking up wireless have densely packed urban businesses and mobile professionals in their sights, not rural customers.

A presidential panel this month recommended that federal funding for information-technology research be increased \$1.3 billion over the next five years, in part to support an increasingly wired country. But a growing number of small towns have decided to take matters into their own hands. Some are forming cooperatives to string their own wire. Others are pulling strings. In Lusk, Wyo., a cajoling and far-sighted mayor was able to get fiber-optic cable laid into his town of 1,600 and give its two schools access to a T1 line (and Lusk a starring role in Microsoft's ads on TV). Town leaders see it as a matter of survival. "We want our kids to come back here," says Twila Barnette, who manages the county Chamber of Commerce. "But we have to be able to offer them opportunities using this new technology."

—With reporting by
Richard Woodbury/Denver and Dick Thompson/
Winningham

Who should pay to wire America's rural areas? Take our poll on the Web at www.timedigital.com

Forecasting Solar Storms

NASA sees trouble on the sun before it gets to Earth

IT WAS AN EERIE MOMENT FOR OWNERS OF electronic pagers last May, when 45 million of the units across North America suddenly flickered and died. The blackout was caused not by some routine equipment failure but by a massive storm on the surface of the sun that shorted out an Earth-orbiting communications satellite. Such solar typhoons are not uncommon, and the damage they do can be considerable. Last week NASA announced that it may now be possible to predict the storms and take action to limit their impact.

The most violent type of solar eruption is known as a coronal mass ejection, a vast bubble of gas that bursts from the sun and releases a wave of charged particles into space. Slamming into Earth's atmosphere, CME discharges have been known to fry satellites, bathe airplanes



DANGER SIGN: An S-shaped gas formation called a sigmoid suggests trouble brewing

with radiation and black out entire cities.

Recently, researchers studying satellite images of the sun have paid special attention to great S-shaped twists of plasma called sigmoids that they now believe are an early stage of CME formation. Find a sigmoid, and within a few days you'll probably see an explosion. Since it takes an additional four days for the solar tsunami to reach Earth, you can double today's early-warning time.

That time can be well used. Satellite operators who know a CME storm front is coming can briefly shut their systems off to prevent short-circuiting. Earth-based power grids can be temporarily—if expensively—reconfigured to provide extra grounding. Astronauts planning a space walk can stay indoors until the danger passes. "Each sigmoid is like a loaded gun," says solar researcher Alphonse Sterling, who helped make the discovery. Now, it seems, humanity may have a better chance of dodging the bullet.

—By Jeffrey Kluger.

Reported by Dick Thompson/Washington



SQUEEZE GUY: Physicist Bar-Cohen tests robot wiper powered by artificial muscles

NASA Builds Muscles

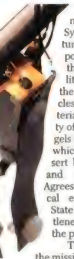
Tiny tools for space hold promise for the disabled

CALL IT THE FIRST BIONIC HANDSHAKE. Last week, when an apparatus resembling the business end of a blender unfurled like lily petals and grabbed an outstretched finger, humanity was officially embraced by one of the world's first artificial muscles.

It wasn't exactly a display of super strength. The "grip," generated by four polymer strips designed to bend in response to electrical charges, was barely noticeable. But that force is more than enough for the individual strips to wipe dust from the windshield of a palm-size rover that NASA and the Japanese space agency ISAS will use to explore an asteroid in 2003. "Clearing dust may not seem like a big deal," says Joseph Bar-Cohen, a physicist at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, who created the muscles. But using old-fashioned gears and motors, he says, would make the wiper mechanism "bigger and heavier than the whole rover."

No wonder the prospect of artificial muscles has NASA, well, pumped. Traditional robots, even in today's miniature sizes, draw heavily from the limited power supplies on a space probe, and their weight translates into higher launch costs. Bar-Cohen says the components required to construct each strip of artificial muscle cost a total of \$200, need just four volts of power and weigh only a fraction of an ounce. Says Rob Manning, chief engineer for NASA's Mars Lander missions: "With all of our basketball-sized spacecraft, we're going to need this kind of technology."

Which is one reason artificial-muscle researchers convened for



the first time earlier this month at the International Symposium on Smart Structures and Materials in Newport Beach, Calif. "It's clear that if we're going to build little robots that do things, then they've got to have muscles," says Paul Calvert, a materials scientist at the University of Arizona. He uses polymer gels to construct "Jell-O jacks," which resemble the wobbly desert but are capable of raising and lowering small objects. Agrees Qiming Zhang, an electrical engineer at Pennsylvania State University: "The only bottleneck is that we haven't found the perfect muscle materials."

That could change, because the mission to asteroid 4660 Nereus has thrust artificial muscles into the limelight. Whereas human limbs move by contracting and relaxing muscles, Bar-Cohen's artificial variety bends in response to electricity. Apply a charge to one side of a strip, and ions within the polymer are pushed to the opposite side, effectively lengthening one surface while shortening the other.

Bar-Cohen foresees construction of artificial limbs that would allow a human to lift heavy objects the way an ant does. He has already received impassioned letters from disabled patients offering to test the first bionic limbs. But such equipment remains years from reality, because the polymer strips and gels being used for muscles are far too pliant to lift heavy weights. Until a new material is found, says Calvert, "you've only got to look at your arm to realize how far we have to go."

—By Dan Crary



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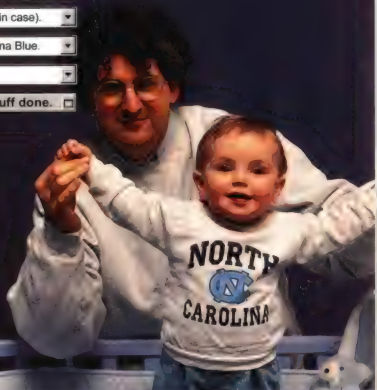
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Reluctant Referees

A study shows that when children fight, their parents often freeze up and fail to intervene. Why?

By HARRIET BAROVICK

A SEASONED EAST COAST CORPORATE lawyer (let's call him Jack) is accustomed to getting his way. But at the mention of his older brother, he becomes agitated and taps a table furiously. Jack's brother pummeled him regularly when he was a child, and though his parents were aware of the hostility, they never intervened. His mother told him that someday he'd be big enough to fight his own battles. "I don't know what she was thinking, and I don't know if my father knew," says Jack, 44, who hasn't spoken with his brother in years. "But it would have been great if they had been able to take charge."

Though sibling rivalry is an age-old obsession, surprisingly few formal studies have probed the psychological impact of conflict between brothers and sisters; nor have they examined how parents arbitrate those disputes. Popular lore often has it that it's best for siblings to sort it out themselves. A study published this month in *Developmental Psychology* found that most parents tend to follow that policy, but not because they think it's most effective. Parents have a sense that they should be intervening, especially with younger children. Yet those same parents fail to follow their instincts because they may not know what to do, or are themselves uncomfortable with confrontation. In any case, the result may be dangerous to the psychological health of children.

The study, conducted by Illinois psychologist Laurie Kramer and researcher Lisa Perozynski, identified three main responses parents have when they find their children engaged in a verbal or physical fight: step in and talk it through with the children, threaten or admonish the children, or do nothing at all. As a group, both mothers and fathers believed that helping children resolve conflicts worked best in addressing the immediate problem. Yet when they examined 88 two-parent families with one child 3 to 5 years old and a second child two to four years older, Kramer and Perozynski found that parents were three times as likely to fail to act at all.

Allowing sibling conflict to escalate, however, is bad training for the real world, says Kramer. Where else but at home could kids get away with screaming at one another

or roughhousing? "Parents guiding children during conflict is so hugely important," Kramer says, "both because it helps kids learn important skills in handling disputes and also because ignoring them can sometimes lead to abuse." In fact, a 1994 study found that physical abuse among siblings was far more common than parent-child or even spousal abuse.

Why do parents fail to referee? While the study did not document the reasons, experts offered several possibilities. In

HOW PARENTS CAN HELP

Intervention can be the key to resolving conflict

■ **TRY TO AVOID** taking sides, because it may spur feelings of jealousy or increased hostility

■ **ACKNOWLEDGE** children's feelings, and encourage them to learn to communicate with one another

■ **SUGGEST** ways children might learn how to solve problems independently

■ **DON'T PUNISH** children without an explanation, and don't threaten them

■ **SET LIMITS** by clearly identifying the types of behavior that are not acceptable



some cases, parents may be influenced by the oversimplified counsel that "kids will be kids." Others may be worried about favoring one child over another and choose to do nothing. Child psychiatrist Leon Hoffman, who runs the Parent Child Center of the New York Psychoanalytic Society, says many parents are afraid of being too aggressive and then take a permissive, hands-off approach too far.

That passivity can come at a price. A New York City journalist who was consistently taunted by his older brother says that when he now receives a compliment, he often tends to think the person is lying,

because on some level he fears that the disparaging things his brother said about him are true. "The hitting was just an exclamation point," he says. "Much more damaging was the constant stream of put-downs. Especially if you think it has your parents' tacit approval, you think he must be right."

Adele Faber, co-author with Elaine Mazlish of the best-selling *Siblings Without Rivalry*, says in some extreme cases, parents may even blame the victim. A woman Faber met at a lecture told her that when she retaliated with verbal attacks against her rough-and-tumble older brothers, "they called her bigmouth, then beat her up. The parents would sit there and watch, saying, 'They're right. You deserve it; you are a bigmouth.' Her relationship with her brothers today? Nonexistent." Nor does she enjoy a mature sense of self-worth. Low self-

esteem, severe anxiety, depression and substance abuse are common symptoms of adults who suffered sibling abuse.

Of course, there's a divide between normal bickering and abuse. Battling it out over toys or calling each other meanie should clearly be handled differently from cases when one child, usually the younger one, is consistently victimized, or verbal or physical harassment becomes vicious. Faber suggests that parents use common sense and find a middle ground between hovering and neglect. The key is to pay close attention. Says Faber: "There's no substitute for your own sensitivity." ■

Left and Gone Away

JOE DiMAGGIO: 1914-1999

By PAUL GRAY

HE WAS IDOLIZED BY MILLIONS who never saw him hit or catch a baseball. During the 13 seasons Joe DiMaggio played center field for the New York Yankees, baseball was still the national pastime, but one that a majority of fans followed from afar. The 16 major league teams were clustered in only 10 cities, with St. Louis as the westernmost outpost. In that pre-television era, sports heroes were made out of words, those spoken over the radio during play-by-play broadcasts and those printed in newspapers the next morning. No wonder legends arose. Most people experienced baseball by reading adventure stories in the daily press or by listening, the way the ancient Greeks did, to the voices of the bards.

Baseball's mythmaking machinery went into overdrive when it encountered DiMaggio. Sportswriters for New York City's nearly a dozen daily papers fell in love with the shy 21-year-old who came up with the Yankees from spring training in 1936. Babe Ruth wasn't around anymore to provide reliably flashy copy, and without him the team lacked charisma. This handsome new kid, the son of a Sicilian immigrant fisherman, looked promising. His awkwardness and reticence with reporters might be portrayed as enigmatic, as might his absolutely deadpan demeanor on the field. And advance word from DiMaggio's minor league exploits with the San Francisco Seals was that he could, in baseball parlance, "do it all": hit, hit for power, run, field and throw.

Whatever pressure the rookie felt from all these ravenous expectations never showed on the diamond. He not only did it all, he did it with a stylishness that awed sportswriters and spectators alike. DiMaggio was the leading American League vote getter for the 1936 All-Star game. That same summer he appeared on the cover of this magazine. His Yankees cruised to the AL pennant, the team's first since 1932, and beat the rival New York Giants in the World Series. (During DiMaggio's 13 years as the Yankees' star player, the team appeared in 10 Series and won nine.)

His successful rookie season confirmed and enhanced the DiMaggio mystique. The next year, a radio broadcaster called



UNSURPASSABLE: Not only did his hitting streak reach 56 games, he averaged .408 through it

him "the Yankee Clipper," a tribute to the way he sailed so majestically while pursuing fly balls across the green expanses of center field. His batting skill won him the sobriquet "Joltin' Joe." Meanwhile, the young man from Fisherman's Wharf was acquiring a Manhattan polish. He took up tailored suits and the high life at Toots Shor's nightclub, where the habitués treated him like a god who had inexplicably deigned to join their mortal company. He dated beautiful women, including actress Dorothy Arnold, whom he later married and with whom he had a son, Joe Jr.

The defining event of DiMaggio's career occurred in 1941, when he got at least one base hit in 56 consecutive games—a feat of consistency no other player has come close to matching. Evolutionary biologist (and sports buff) Stephen Jay Gould once wrote that "DiMaggio's streak is the most extraordinary thing that ever happened in American sports."

DiMaggio retired at the end of the 1951 season, after having been hobbled for several years by painful bone spurs in his right heel. (A few sportswriters did not blush at comparing him to Achilles.) Those who never saw him play and who consult the common statistical benchmarks may wonder at DiMaggio's renown. His lifetime batting average (.325) was good, but not so high as those of his rough contemporaries



WITH MARILYN: The poker-faced athlete finally revealed a broken heart. It was said he ordered flowers for her grave "forever"



MAKING HIS MARK: Kids gather before a 1940 Brooklyn Dodgers game to get the Yankee Clipper to sign for them

Stan Musial (.331) and Ted Williams (.344). DiMaggio's career home runs (361) also trailed Musial's (475) and Williams' (521). But Joltin' Joe drove in more runs per game than either man and had far fewer strikeouts than any comparable slugger. (For an analysis of his performance, please see the article that follows this one.)

Once out of baseball, DiMaggio did the only thing that would attract more attention than his 1941 streak. Long divorced from his first wife, he courted and in 1954 married Marilyn Monroe. This union was passionate but star-crossed.

Freed at last from the demands and expectations created by his on-field heroics, he craved privacy and a quiet life; she attracted, wherever she went, a maelstrom of publicity. He believed in punctuality; she was always late. He expected an Old World housewife; she was a New World sex goddess. He wanted her to abandon the movies and settle with him in San Francisco; she was reveling in a fame that outstripped even her teenage fantasies.

Gay Talese was one of the few journalists to gain a measure of DiMaggio's trust in later years, and an article in his 1970 collection *Fame and Obscurity* called "The Silent Season of a Hero" recounts a telling vignette from the nine-month Monroe-DiMaggio marriage. During their delayed honeymoon in Japan, she was asked by a U.S. Army general to visit the troops in Korea. When she got back, she said, "It was so wonderful, Joe. You never heard such cheering." He replied, "Yes I have."

Being the man who had won and lost Marilyn Monroe added a new dimension to the DiMaggio legend. So did his quiet grief after her death in 1962, when he arranged her funeral—barring the Hollywood types whom he felt had betrayed her—and ordered fresh flowers placed weekly on her grave. The great poker-faced star had a heart after all, and the world could see that it had been broken.

He spent his 48 years after baseball essentially being Joe DiMaggio. The less he said about himself during his dignified public appearances, the more others talked about him. Ernest Hemingway put him into *The Old Man and the Sea* ("I would like to take the great DiMaggio fishing," the old man said. "They say his father was a fisherman."). Paul Simon's song *Mrs. Robinson*, written for the movie *The Graduate* (1967), asked, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you," evoking a '60s sense of vanished heroes.

Now that he has really gone—a longtime three-pack-a-day smoker dead last week of lung cancer at age 84—those of us old enough to remember him in uniform and full glory feel especially bereft. I not only saw the Yankee Clipper play in person; I got his autograph twice. The first time was in the spring of 1951, when I was an 11-year-old fan hanging around with my schoolmates outside the entrance to the Del Prado hotel on Chicago's South Side, where visiting AL teams stayed when they played the White Sox. The Yankees were in town, and I was waiting for my hero Joe DiMaggio. At last he emerged to get on the team bus for a night game at Comiskey. He told all of us to line up, and he signed our books.

Several months later, the Yankees were back at the Del Prado, and so were my buddies and I. When DiMaggio came out, I noticed that none of my friends approached him. Maybe it was because they already had his autograph or because he was injured and hadn't been playing much. But I thought it was wrong for DiMaggio to board the bus unpestered by any worshipers, so I turned over a page in my autograph book—to make sure he wouldn't see that I already had him—and asked him to sign it. He did and got on the bus and took what I realized was his regular seat next to the front window on the right side. I looked up at him. He looked down and noticed me and waved. I waved back then, and I do so now for all of us who admired his graceful career and life. ■



He Could Play Too



By DANIEL OKRENT

Yes, he was noble, and he looked great and he married Marilyn Monroe. But first he played baseball, and it's for what he did on the field that Joe DiMaggio should be remembered. His career, like so many in baseball, can best be divined by a sequence of numbers. First, and most famous, is 56. But several others matter as well: 61, 16, 9, 369, .89, 457, 3, and 13.

56, 61 and 16

ACCOMPLISHMENT IS A wonderful thing; consistency is as well. And the merger of the two, expressed in DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in 1941, yields the one unbreachable hitting record in baseball. In the nearly six decades since it was established, no one has come within 11 games of it. Was the streak a fluke? Not if you go back to 1933, when the 18-year-old DiMaggio, playing in the extremely competitive Pacific Coast League, hit safely in 61 straight games. Or look past that unfortunate day in Cleveland when third baseman Ken Keltner smothered two torpedoes off DiMaggio's bat and ended

the 1941 run: the next day DiMaggio began to unspool another, 16-game streak. Hitting safely in 56 straight games is a miracle; hitting safely in 72 out of 73 is an expression of consistent mastery.

9

THE NUMBER OF WORLD Series winners he played on. The great Yankee teams of 1936-1939 and 1949-1951 (not to mention the ones of '41 and '47) had one thing in common, and that thing was out in center field every day. For all the individual glory that baseball celebrates, it remains a team sport, and the core of those teams was DiMaggio. His fans worshipped him; his teammates merely asked in their prayers every night that God watch over him.

369

DURING THE THREE SEASONS from 1958 to 1960, Mickey Mantle struck out 371 times. Reggie Jackson flailed in vain 313 times in two seasons. It is almost always part of the slugger's makeup, the monstrous whiff as companion to the mighty blast. But DiMaggio's relation to a pitched ball

was as intimate as it was brutal. In his entire career he struck out only 369 times—this while hitting 361 home runs. During the magical 1941 season, he had 30 home runs, 13 strikeouts. (There are single weeks when modern sluggers strike out 13 times.) From his spread-legged stance, his twisting follow-through, the absolute balance of his swing, he devised a precision of attack unmatched in baseball history—a baseball smart bomb, as deadly as it was efficient.



BAT MEN: Williams and DiMaggio in their prime

.89

PERHAPS THE BEST MEASURE of a hitter is not his batting average but his run production. DiMaggio batted "only" .325 over his career, but he batted in nearly a run per game—the third highest average this century, after Lou Gehrig's and Hank Greenberg's. DiMaggio delivered more runs per game than Babe Ruth; more than Ted Williams; more than Hank Aaron.

457

ONLY 361 HOME RUNS? Forget about his ability to hit for average as well as power. Forget that at DiMaggio's retirement, only four men had ever hit as many home

runs. Focus instead on those three large numerals inscribed on the left-center-field wall in Yankee

Stadium when DiMaggio played there—4 5 7—denoting the preposterous footage from home plate to the seats. For a right-handed power hitter, it marked the outer limits of a place where potential homers went to die. No right-handed Yankee hit nearly as many home runs as DiMaggio until the fences were moved in, years after he retired. Had he hit as many at home as he did on the road, he would've had 426

home runs—for a per-season average nearly identical to Aaron's.

3

THE SEASONS HE MISSED to serve in the Army. Like Williams, with whom he was eternally yoked at the center of the Boston-New York rivalry, DiMaggio saw the heart of his career cut out by the sharp edge of war. From ages 28 to 30, he was AWOL from the thing he did best, at the time of life when he probably could have done it better than ever.

13

FINALLY, HIS TENURE IN THE majors—a scant 13 sunlit seasons before repeated injuries rendered him unable to play as he had before. This might be the statistic that most reveals DiMaggio's greatness, for it tells us he was blessed with that rarest of athletic gifts: knowing when it was time to leave. He simply would not let the world see him play in a diminished state. Instead, he left us with the image—and the record—of someone who very nearly achieved perfection.

AWOL FROM BASEBALL: He served three years in the Army



The Meek Shall Inherit

On the verge of graduation, Chamique Holdsclaw ("Meek," for short) gears up for life in the pros

By HARRIET BAROVICK KNOXVILLE

IF YOU'VE HEARD THE TALK ABOUT Chamique Holdsclaw being the Michael Jordan of women's basketball, you'd say she has some nerve picking Jordan's number 23 as her own. She's just 21, not even a pro, still a senior and a forward for the University of Tennessee Lady Vols. What hype! What hubris! And how do you expect us to pronounce a name like that?

Hold on. The number on her jersey is not some power grab at now vacant Airtress but an allusion to the most important person in Holdsclaw's life. It refers to the 23rd Psalm, the one that begins "The Lord is my shepherd," taught to her by her grandmother June, who's been closer than a mother since Holdsclaw was 11 and her parents divorced. "I told her when she was little, anything you want, ask Him," says June. The Psalm provides this provocative promise: "Thou anointest my head with oil." So there's more than crossing Jordan involved here. Chamique's the one. Even the Bible tells us so. As Holdsclaw tells *TIME* with blatant understatement: "I knew I wasn't going to be average."

So better get used to her name. It's pronounced Sha-MEEK-Wah. Meek for short, but don't let that fool you. She's 6 ft. 2 in., with 2,928 points (and 1,261 rebounds) so far in her amateur career. Last month she sailed past New York Knick Allan Houston's record to become U.T.'s highest scorer ever, then beat out Heisman-trophy winner Ricky Williams to grab the prestigious Sullivan Award for best amateur. No matter what happens in the current NCAA tournament (she's led her team to three titles already), when she leaves college in three months, she will be one of the highest-paid players in women's pro basketball.

Sports attorney Kenton Edelin, who represents New York Liberty star Rebecca Lobo, says Holdsclaw's endorsement options are "unlimited." Estimates of her earning potential, including marketing, range upward to \$2 million to \$3 million a



FAMILY AFFAIR
With June, at home in Astoria, in 1996



FAST FORWARD
For each game, Holdsclaw scrawls a mantra on her size 14s. A frequent admonition: Focus

year. Now, as Holdsclaw prepares to graduate, agents clamor in the wings, and executives from the pro teams pray and hold their breath. Nike and Adidas have already made their interests known.

Is she worth it? "If you lined her up against the 10 best athletes in the NCAA, she doesn't overwhelm you with her muscles," says pro-basketball coach Nancy Lieberman-Cline. "But her mental capacity to play in the big games, to compete at the highest level—and never lose—is unique. Some people compete when it's convenient. Chamique steps up when her team needs her." In a Jordannaire display in January, she and her team put an end to the 54 home-game winning streak of archrival University of Connecticut—with Holdsclaw scoring 25 points even though debilitated by a bad cold.

Did Grandma June know she'd have a star on her hands? "I had no idea," says June of the little girl she raised in the Astoria section of Queens in New York City. "But I did think it was strange that she could throw the ball all the way from one end of the court to another in 8th grade. And she was so skinny!" Says Vincent Cannizzaro, Holdsclaw's high school coach: "June's backing keeps her on an even keel."

But there is another woman of substance in Holdsclaw's life—Pat Summitt, the legendary Tennessee coach. For Summitt, who nurtured such pro stars as Michelle Marciniak and Nikki McCray, the prospect of coaching Holdsclaw was an opportunity to "raise the intensity level of one of the most gifted high school players I'd seen." Their relationship was initially rocky. The freshman Chamique used to laugh away losses. That earned her a Summitt razzing. "I just can't understand doing that," says Summitt, who now admits laughter may be a "healthier" way to cope. Chamique, Summitt learned, hates to lose as much as she does. Today Holdsclaw calls Summitt half of the most influential "couple" in her life. The other half, of course, is June.

Holdsclaw's dream is to play in New York City, making it easy for Grandma June to come to games. ("Madison Square Garden is 15 minutes from my house!" says Holdsclaw.) That dream may take a while to fulfill. The Washington Mystics have first pick in the WNBA draft. But her entry into the pros does pose one tantalizing possibility. Michael Jordan once half-jokingly suggested a one-on-one match between himself and Holdsclaw. Maybe the new 23 will be able to lure the old 23 back to the court? ■

New Vibrations

By **BRUCE HANDY** ST. CHARLES

BRIAN'S BACK," THE PUBLICISTS say every time the famously elusive Brian Wilson surfaces with a new project. Has the phrase become the pop-cultural version of an idle threat? Of course, it's hard for anyone to live up to his own legend, and Brian Wilson is in the unusual position of having to cope with two. As the composer and producer for the Beach Boys, he is responsible for some of the most ethereal and sophisticated pop of the classic-rock era, as well as some of its most purely joyful and (we must be honest) embarrassingly goofy. A recent four-CD boxed set annotated his masterpiece, the Beach Boys' 1966 album *Pet Sounds*, with countless versions of the original 13 tracks as well as just-let-the-tape-roll session outtakes: a monument both to the richness of Wilson's music and, by virtue of the fact that someone thought this was a commercial project, to the

hard devotion that music still inspires.

Unfortunately, Wilson's parallel legacy is as one of the most troubled and eccentric rock stars of his era—which, given the profession and the era, is saying something. It was only a few years ago that he seemed to have finally emerged from nearly a quarter-century's worth of debilitating mental illness. (He refused to get out of bed for long stretches of the late '60s and '70s, and in the '80s and early '90s he put his emotional and professional life in the 24-hour-a-day care of a man who was not, perhaps, the most scrupulous psychiatrist in the world.) Now 56, Wilson has married (his second time around) and adopted two daughters (he also has two daughters from his first marriage, Wendy and Carnie, who were once part of the group Wilson Phillips). He appears to have achieved the kind of stable, supportive, involved family life that long eluded him.

Live performance is another hurdle, a challenge broached by his first-ever solo-concert tour, now under way. Ever since 1965—when Wilson, then an exhausted 22-year-old, gave up touring with the Beach Boys to devote himself to writing and producing the group's albums—he has been known to suffer crippling bouts of stage fright. Just last summer, at a guest appearance with Jimmy Buffet, he had to be coaxed into not bolting from the stage. "When

[the idea of a tour] was first suggested to me," says a member of his current backup band, "I wondered if Brian could even get through a 20-minute set, let alone a 40-minute set, let alone two 40-minute sets." Nevertheless, in the days leading up to the tour, the mood among Wilson's colleagues, handlers and friends seems to be one of nervous optimism, a collective *Here goes nothing*.

"Since I've been rehearsing, I've been getting pretty relaxed with the music," Wilson says during an interview, nervously optimistic himself just four days away from the first date of the tour (in Ann Arbor, Mich., last Tuesday). "I can probably sing pretty good. I think I'll do a good job." He is speaking in the living room of a house he owns in the Chicago suburb of St. Charles. Though he still spends most of his time in Southern California, he bought the St. Charles home so he could live and work next door to Joe Thomas, a former professional wrestler turned musician who co-produced Wilson's 1998 album, *Imagination*, and is serving as the music director of Wilson's tour. As such, Thomas is but the latest in a long line of Wilson collaborators and semi-Svengalis (his Billy Ray Cyrus haircut and penchant for tinkly electronic keyboards are cause for concern among some fans).

An ambitious national tour planned for last fall was postponed—"I wasn't

“I’ve been getting pretty relaxed with the music. I think I’ll do a good job.”



Photograph for TIME by Michael Halsband



KEYS TO THE MAN?
The rock legend at home, sitting at the piano, where he is most comfortable. Far left, in his Beach Boys heyday

MUSIC

NERVOUS FUN, FUN, FUN: Wilson connecting with fans last week on the first date of his tour in Ann Arbor; below, alone at the mike, singing onstage in the mid-'60s with the Beach Boys

CARTER/RETNA



“What I want to do is play for people and make people happy.”

emotionally ready” is how Wilson explains the delay—and scaled back to a comparatively gentle schedule: four Midwestern dates this month, followed by five in the Northeast in June and, if all goes well, maybe a few more shows on the West Coast later this year. But why even subject himself to something that in the past has caused him so much discomfort? “Well, for one thing, there’s money involved,” he says. “And the other reason is, I feel obligated to take my music around and let people hear me.” According to Thomas, Wilson is more competitive than he perhaps appears: “Brian is a driven guy. He doesn’t want to be perceived as someone who can’t do something.” Thomas also mentions that Wilson was upset about the disappointing reception for *Imagination*. Despite generally kind reviews (the consensus, shared here, is that the multi-tracked vocals, all by Wilson, are stunning but that the music suffers from a rote adult-contemporary sheen), the album debuted weakly at 88 on the *Billboard* 200 and dropped off quickly. “Brian wanted a No. 1 record,” Thomas says. “Not that he was depressed—it more ticked him off than anything.”

In person, Wilson is clearly a man who has suffered. When he’s not engaged, his face looks blank, even deadened, and when he is engaged, he still seems to be at a slight remove, just around a corner the dimensions of which only he, perhaps, can measure. He speaks and sings out of the side of his mouth, which gives the impression that he has suffered a stroke. In fact it is a function of deafness in his right ear and is something he has done since child-

hood. While he is attentive to questions and lucid in his answers, being interviewed is not one of his favorite things in the world. He endures this session by guardedly clutching two sofa pillows in front of himself and takes the first opportunity to cut the interview short, leap up and head to his piano, where he is plainly most comfortable and where he says he spends most of his days. He then offers up a lovely *Rhapsody in Blue*.

WHEN HE’S MOTIVATED, Wilson continues to have a firm grasp on his music. A few days after the interview, during a sound check for the second stop on the tour (a virtually sold-out theater just outside Chicago), Thomas seems to be running things. But Wilson is unhappy with a run-through of *Kiss Me, Baby*, a classic Beach Boys tune. Somewhere in the middle of a complex arrangement featuring nine vocalists, he has detected someone singing flat. He asks to run through the song again and then abruptly calls a halt after maybe half a bar. He has identified the culprit, and quickly reworks the harmony to his satisfaction. This is the same in-command Brian you can hear at work on the *Pet Sounds* outtakes—pop’s boy genius.

Musically, the show has been cannily put together. The eclectic 13-piece band includes both aging studio veterans and younger members of alternative-rock groups (Wondermint, Poi Dog Pondering) who worship at the altar of Wilson’s bittersweet harmonies and who give Wilson’s live sound more bite and

elasticity than one might have expected. The complex arrangements, with so many interlocking voices, have the added benefit of cushioning Wilson’s sometimes ragged but still expressive voice (by way of analogy, if not quite equivalence, think late Billie Holiday).

Not that Wilson needs all the support, as it turns out. Although he starts the show a little stiffly, sitting behind a keyboard he only pretends to play and, on occasion, seeming to drop out of the vocal mix altogether, he soon warms to the adoring crowd, tearing into his vocals on the up-tempo numbers, connecting to both the music and the audience. As the evening progresses, he grows comfortable enough to begin joking and ad-libbing between songs, revealing a sweet, almost childlike directness. Introducing his first encore, one of the great ballads from *Pet Sounds*, he says, “Back in the early ‘60s I used to sing like a girl, and here’s a song I sang called *Caroline, No.*” Earlier he had been getting aid (if not outright ghost-singing) on some of his songs’ famous falsetto passages, but here he nails the high notes perfectly.

Backstage, he’s exultant. Like a winning prizefighter, he poses for pictures, accepts kudos, gives interviews. Like himself, he breaks into *The Star-Spangled Banner* for no apparent reason. People who know Wilson say they’ve rarely seen him this up, this animated. “These concerts aren’t going to go down in history,” he says, “but what I want to do is play for people and make people happy. That’s all I want.” This night he got it. You’d have to be emotionally inert not to be happy for him in turn. ■

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Art Was His Fragile Fortress

STANLEY KUBRICK: 1928-1999

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

ONE THING WE OUGHT TO CLEAR UP right away: Stanley Kubrick was not, as careless journalism always insisted, reclusive. Elusive was a better word for him; seclusive the best one, implying, one hopes, that his refusal of fame's odious and stupefying obligations was a conscious, clarifying choice he had embraced, not a neurotic compulsion to which he had surrendered.

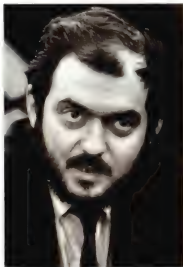
For the truth about this alleged anchorite was that he was a constant presence in dozens of lives, in touch via phone, fax and Internet—and, indeed, in person, if you happened near the admittedly narrow British realm where he had sequestered himself since 1961. Among this group in the days after his sudden death, at 70, on March 7, there was a more powerful need than usual to talk fondly about Kubrick, as if by so doing they could fill the sudden silence that had descended on their lives.

He was, everyone agreed, one of the planet's best dinner companions. At once sardonic and curiously boyish, he was both autodidact and polymath—his curiosity and his information equally boundless. To a film critic he might recommend some recondite movie that he had caught but that the latter had carelessly missed. To a filmmaker desperately behind schedule, he might offer to share his state-of-the-art editing suite to speed things up. To a harried studio executive, he might propose an evening of baseball nostalgia, centered on the New York Yankees, beloved since Kubrick's Bronx boyhood. Maybe Warren Beatty caught the delicious dynamic of those encounters best when he observed, "You always assumed Stanley knew something you didn't know."

That was clearly true of many facts and ideas. But the significant thing about Kubrick was that he built his life-style and life's work around a few simple, widely acknowledged verities: that our universe is ruled by chance, that life is too short, that movies are, or ought to be, primarily a visual medium. The difference between him and us was that he didn't regard these as mere talking points. He acted on them. Obsessively.

Take the question of chance, for instance, and recall *The Killing* (1956), the first true Kubrick movie. The elaborate heist of the day's handle at a race track, a model of rational

Images from his career: *Spartacus*, 1960; *Lolita*, 1962; *Dr. Strangelove*, 1964; 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, 1968; *A Clockwork Orange*, 1971; *The Shining*, 1980; this July's *Eyes Wide Shut*



planning, goes perfectly. And then, at the last moment, the sappy lady and her yappy little dog appear—mischance absurdly personified—and ruin everything. Remember 1964's *Dr. Strangelove* as well. How delicately the title character and his ilk poised the balance of terror, how little they considered the possibility that there might be someone out there like General Jack D. Ripper. Best of all, think of heedless Barry Lyndon, sparing no thought for mischievous mischief, which ever haunts him and which too soon brings him to his foolish end.

Kubrick was his opposite, haunted by life's brevity, by the hopelessness of transcending the blighted human condition within the short span allotted us. Hence the desperate cosmic rebellion of Bowman in 2001: *A Space Odyssey* (1968), leading to his rebirth as the stardust. Hence the doomed struggle to reform vicious Alex in 1971's *A Clockwork Orange*—our technology, our social arrangements just aren't up to the task. Hence *Strangelove*'s conclusion. Armageddon having happened, we hear the plaintive strains, "We'll meet again, somehow..." Kubrick was saying we'd have to start over again at the amoeba stage if we were ever going to get this evolutionary thing right.

Meantime, though, there was art, that fragile fortress men like him erect against mortality. If one could just build it carefully enough. If one could tell one's tales mainly through the universally comprehensible language of imagery. Which is why Kubrick made only six films in the past 35 years, why 20 years passed since he first asked a few of his friends, including me, to read Arthur Schnitzler's obscure *Dream Story* with an eye to its movie possibilities, and why principal photography on his adaptation of it, *Eyes Wide Shut*, consumed an unprecedented 15 months.

The virtually finished film was screened for its stars, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, and Warner Bros. chairmen Robert Daly and Terry Semel, just five days before Kubrick died. There was, of course, consolation of a kind in the fact that the fate he had for so long, so carefully tried to placate did not claim him until his work was basically over. But clearly Kubrick had pushed himself to the limit, and Semel saw in the film "that sense of danger" that Kubrick always projected, that sense that he carried within his own nature the whole disordered cosmos from which he tried to wall himself off—wayward, willful, driven by wild and bestial surmise. ■



IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING done, just tell some human beings it can't be done. Make it known that it's impossible to fly to the moon, or run a hundred metres in nine-point-nine seconds, or solve Fermat's Last Theorem. Remind the world that no one has ever hit sixty-two home runs in a season. Stuffed eighteen people into a Volkswagen Bug. Set half the world free. Or cloned a sheep. Dangle the undoable in front of the world. Then, consider it done.

HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT



Merrill Lynch

Bittersweet Sorrows

Their relationships came apart. Now two writers have put together disquieting looks at their splits

By ELIZABETH GLEICK

IF YOU ARE SOMEONE WHO BELIEVES that the relationship narrative is central to much of great literature, then you, gentle reader, are suddenly spoiled for choice. In the unhappy-families category, autobiographical division, British novelist and screenwriter Hanif Kureishi bares all about his decision to leave his partner in the fictional *Intimacy* (Scribner; 118 pages; \$16), while New York City journalist John Taylor skips the novelizing but tells a strikingly similar story in *Falling: The Story of One Marriage* (Random House; 225 pages; \$22.95).

Both authors offer elegantly literary tales of disintegration and the irretrievable alienation of affection, putting their relationships under the equivalent of a fluorescent bulb that makes every detail off-color, a little bit dirty—but very, very visible, for better and for worse.

Any woman who has ever lived with a man will be particularly dismayed by *Intimacy*. A claustrophobic little trap of a novel, it recounts one night in the life of a screenwriter named Jay as he prepares to abandon Susan, his partner of six years and the mother of their two young sons. As Jay goes through the rituals of an ordinary evening at home, he also meditates on the history of their relationship and waits until Susan goes to sleep so he can pack his bags. "It is the saddest night," the novel begins, "for I am leaving and not coming back."

Yet sorrow seems to play little part in Jay's decision; sadism and selfishness are more like it. In between bouts of intense sexual nostalgia for another woman, he thinks, over and over, "This is our last evening together, and she doesn't know. When a tender thought creeps in, he in-

stantly stomps on it. Going upstairs to watch her sleep, he thinks, "I can make out your hair in the jumble of blankets and pillows. I stand looking at you. I wish you were someone else."

The language is cruel; the effect, disquieting. Despite Jay's determination to expose himself in all his naked ugliness, his earnestness dissolves into an almost comical self-obsession, which is quite

blance to the author's own life. The reader does not have to like Jay for this to be powerful, if not exactly joyous, reading.

Kureishi's ambitions and concerns seem modest, however, when held up against those of John Taylor. Though Taylor's milieu is as precious as Kureishi's—middle- to upper-class professionals and intellectuals, this time of the Manhattan variety—*Falling*, about Taylor's own divorce, manages to embrace, if not resolve, some of the questions gripping many Western societies: Is staying married always good? Is divorce always bad? What's best for the children? How, in the face of personal unhappiness, does one set one's moral compass?

Like Kureishi, Taylor begins at the moment before separation, then works backward through the marriage and its turning points, which also include the author's adultery. In Taylor's case, however, the decision to split up is mutual, and his writing, lucid and lovely, creates a sense of intimacy with the reader that *Intimacy* fails to do. We get a clear view into Taylor's windows, but we are not disgusted by what we see. "At what precise point does the breakdown of a marriage become irretrievable?" the author wonders. "While it requires will to make a marriage work, it also requires a horrifying act of will to bring one to an end."

Despite his best efforts to explain what brought him and his wife Maureen to the point of divorce, the reasons are not completely satisfactory. Were they never, in fact, properly in love? Did they both just run out of energy? Nevertheless, Taylor's searing pain at the separation from his wife and daughter, from what he calls "the best of myself" and "what was intended to be the central experience of my life," is convincing—and strangely affirming of that very experience. "But marriage is beautiful," as one character in *Intimacy* says. "A terrible journey, a season in hell and a reason for living." It is also something that, in the right hands, can be fodder for art.



Hanif Kureishi

AGE: 44
Intimacy



"I am not leaving this unhappy Eden only because I dislike it, but because I want to

become someone else. The dream, or nightmare, of the happy family, haunts us all; it is one of the few Utopian ideas we have."



John Taylor

AGE: 43
Falling: The Story of One Marriage



"Is this it? I often asked myself... Upstairs, my wife was asking herself the same question. And this was it. My wife and I both lacked the will to improve our marriage. We could either endure it or end it."

different from self-knowledge. He decides, for instance, that he must keep a record of his departure so that he can understand it. "I want an absolute honesty that doesn't merely involve saying how awful one is," he explains. "How do I like to write? With a soft pencil and a hard dick—not the other way around." One wonders why Susan didn't leave first.

But that, of course, is neither Jay's, nor Kureishi's, concern. Instead, Kureishi succeeds in creating a vivid portrait of one particular man's experience with one particular woman—a portrait that bears a striking resem-



THE MEN: The Magnificent Six in their pristine prime; Frommmermann, their leader and arranger, is at the far right

SHOW BUSINESS

Harmony Is Still Heavenly

A top pop group of the '30s is back—in style

By RICHARD CORLISS

A H, THE DIVINE DECADENCE OF WEIMAR Berlin! Brecht and Weill making acerbic music; Fritz Lang and F.W. Murnau creating film metaphors for Germany in chaos; famous artists like Grosz and Ernst—and a failed painter named Hitler. It was all so exciting, also grim. But amid the ferment, a buoyant sound could be heard: the impish artistry of the Comedian Harmonists. From 1928 until it was banned and disbanded by the Nazis in 1934, this male sextet brought smiles to Berliners in the political and economic dumps. One could almost believe the sentiment behind its hit tune *Wochenend und Sonnenschein*: Happy days are here again.

Sixty-five years later, the good times are back for the Comedian Harmonists. A Broadway show about the group, *Band in Berlin*, and a Miramax film, *The Harmonists* (already a hit in Germany), both opened last week. Another show, *Veronika, der Lenz ist da* (named for one of its hits), has run in Berlin for more than a year. Barry Manilow is fine-tuning his own musical, *Harmony*, with an eye to a Broadway opening next year. Harmonist acolytes have paid the group tribute in concert and on compact disc in Germany, Britain and the U.S., where CDs of the

original recordings are selling briskly. The Comedian Harmonists can't go on a reunion tour like the Drifters—the last surviving member died last year at 97—but it is suddenly the world's hottest oldies act.

What's the appeal? On one level a tale of plangent melodrama: a group with three Jewish and three Gentile members trying to stand tall and cool under the Nazi boot. The Comedian Harmonists had some friends in high places, including Gauleiter Julius Streicher. At one concert a punk in the balcony shouted venom about the dirty Jews, but the Nazi brass in the front rows stood and cheered the group until the punk shut up.

But the end was near. On March 24, 1934, the Comedian Harmonists sang its signature closing tune, *Auf Wiederseh'n, My Dear*, for the last time. The three Jews went abroad and formed a new outfit, the Comedy Harmonists, while the others stayed in Berlin, recruited new members as *Das Meistersextett* (the Master Sextet). Neither faction enjoyed the fame of the original group—an emblem, a casualty and a lovely memory of a fractious age.

Still, there is a simpler reason for the Comedian Harmonists' enduring appeal: leader Harry Frommmermann and his pals made scintillating music. The six of them (two tenors, a tenorbuffo, a baritone, a bass and a pianist) blended swank and swing in the pop songs, folk tunes and



THE MOVIE: *The Harmonists* is droll, sappy and edifying; imagine a prequel to *Life Is Beautiful*, with better music

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THE SHOW: Broadway's *Band in Berlin* offers an evening of suavely performed old tunes and familiar history lessons

classical airs they sang in German, Italian, French and English. In their clever charts and spritely renditions, "German humor" was for once not an oxymoron. Looking elegantly tuxedoed on their sold-out tours of Europe and the U.S., they spiked their tight harmonies with expert, deadpan vocal clowning; they could imitate band instruments and barnyard fowl. They sang a love song to a little green cactus. They had hits with skewered serenades to girls named Veronika, Isabella, Marie, Lisa and, most famously, Johanna.

"Can you whistle, Johanna?" asks a beau showing off his belle in *Kannst du pfeifen, Johanna?* "Can you sing? Eat a peach? Gargle? Babble?" Johanna (a falsetto Frommermann) dutifully answers, with suitably rude sound effects, until the lover says sternly, "Can you be quiet, Johanna?" The comic portrait of a doomed courtship, in three minutes flat.

This rendition is a highlight of *The Harmonists*, Joseph Vilsmaier's agreeably old-fashioned biopic, which smartly uses freshened versions of the original recordings to which the actors lip-synch. The film ladies on the bathos: as the group sings its farewell song, Harry's girlfriend Elsa dissolves into a puddle of conflicted emotion. If you remain dry-eyed, don't worry—this film does your crying for you. But it's brisk and entertaining. And yes, you will hum as you leave the 'plex.

Band in Berlin, co-directed by Susan Feldman (who wrote the book) and Patricia Birch, wants you to sing and think as you leave the theater. A slide show with music, it mixes reminiscences of the last living Harmonist, Roman Cykowski (Herbert Rubens), with photos—flashed on screens behind the singers—of Hitler and some of the brilliant artists whose lives he disrupted. That the Nazis were bad is not news. What is news is the agility of the vocal ensemble Hudson Shad, which has long been singing the Comedian Harmonists' repertoire, and which brings the old tunes to witty life here.

Band in Berlin is not so much a big musical as a concentrated concert. But it reminds theatergoers of a time when shows had bright tunes and high hopes—and when a group of six sang brilliantly in the face of political madness. ■



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Call Him a Made Man

As a mobster, *Sopranos*' James Gandolfini sings

By GINIA BELLAFAANTE

HERE ARE THE REASONS, IN CASE it's unclear, that certain actors get profiled in the national press: they're appearing in a TV series and/or a few movies bestowed upon the world simultaneously (our subject qualifies); they're so physically blessed they make John Kennedy Jr. look like Don Rickles (well, maybe not); they're just terrific at what they do (another check mark here). It helps too if there is anything in an actor's history that could be construed as extraordinary. And with James Gandolfini, as it turns out, there happens to be: he's a New York City actor who has never been in therapy, which is as rare a find as a professional figure skater with an aversion to sequins.

What makes Gandolfini's distance from the universe of projection and transference even more compelling is that the character actor (featured recently in *A Civil Action* and now in *8mm*) has come into fame as the star of HBO's sublime series *The Sopranos*, the story of a suburban mafioso's efforts to deal with an identity crisis. The show shares the premise of the current hit film *Analyze This*, but unlike that comedy *The Sopranos* has a rich life beyond the wackiness of its conceit. For help with his troubles, Gandolfini's Tony Soprano—overburdened Mob manager, conflicted husband, beleaguered son—attends sessions with Lorraine Bracco's Dr. Melfi in scenes that betray the exhaustiveness, risibility and discomfiture of the 50-min. experience in a way that movies and television almost never achieve.

"An ex-girlfriend made me try therapy once," Gandolfini admits. "I didn't like it." Says *Sopranos*' creator David Chase: "James claimed to be hav-



THE FAMILY Tony's problems at home include an unhappy wife and kids uneasy about how he earns a living



THE "FAMILY" On the job his hassles range from screw-ups to informants



THE SHRINK In therapy he seeks coping strategies from Bracco's Dr. Melfi

ing trouble with the therapy scenes. He didn't have anything to hang them on, but he did them brilliantly."

A native of the New Jersey suburbs, Gandolfini, 37, was a latecomer to acting, but in the nine years since he committed himself to it, he has managed to deliver intensely layered performances that are devoid of the promiscuous emoting and, seemingly, of the cerebral prep work that can make more experienced actors' work—Al Pacino's in the '90s, say—less than what it should be. As Tony, Gandolfini is masterly at conveying the simmering rage beneath his character's humanity. He brings all the right sweaty fidgetiness to a man whose life demands that he take his daughter to a college interview and kill a Mob informant in the same afternoon.

At one point, Chase recalls, Tony was supposed to be angry at his nephew-employee, and the scene called for the elder Soprano to give the younger a light slap. Gandolfini thought it would be truer to have Tony go for his throat. "That taught me a lot about my character," Chase reflects. "It helped keep me honest."

Gandolfini discovered the stage after spending years as a Manhattan bouncer and nightclub manager. When a friend took him to an acting class in the late '80s, he was left so unsettled and challenged by a focusing exercise that involved threading a needle that he knew he had to return. "I'd also never been around actors before," says Gandolfini, "and I said to myself, 'These people are nuts; this is kind of interesting.'" After touring Scandinavia in a production of *A Streetcar Named Desire* ("I remember lots of old people falling asleep in dinner theaters," he says), Gandolfini immersed himself in Manhattan's downtown theater world and then started to land the kind of film roles—in *True Romance*, *She's So Lovely*—that eventually caught Chase's eye.

The actor still possesses the self-effacement that comes with having once supported his craft by driving delivery trucks for Gimme Seltzer. "You go into these TV things always worrying about the kind of egos you're going to encounter," says *Sopranos* co-star Edie Falco, "but he just doesn't have one." *8mm* director Joel Schumacher was equally impressed by the actor's lack of pretension and gift for capturing a character's telling moment or gesture. He recalls how Gandolfini, who plays a pornographer in the film, persuaded him to have a diary hidden in a toilet tank instead of in a silver chest. "Life had taught him that's where the stash is kept," says Schumacher. Bet Ed Norton wouldn't have known that. ■

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BOOKS

EAST BAY GREASE By Eric Miles Williamson So this fat little kid, T-Bird, starts a Girl Haters Club in fourth grade, and Laureen Miranda—she's huge—beats him up, and he pops her one, and she rat-finks ... As with any good coming-of-age story, non-sequiturs are tailed up like circus elephants. T-Bird's mother shackles up with the Oakland chapter of Hell's Angels. His vengeful father, long split, teaches him philosophy; get even. Somehow he learns to play the trumpet well enough to join a neighborhood Mexican band. He grows six inches in a summer and stops being fat. He takes a job spraying concrete for a construction firm. Loses job. Is last seen swinging a sledge with his dad, breaking truck tires loose from rims. Gets word processor (we guess), writes all this stuff down to see whether it makes sense. No, but it makes a life, or the rowdy first part of one, and a better-than-fair first novel. Onward!

—By John Skow

DANCE

FIDDLERS GREEN

Paul Taylor Dance Company The reigning master of modern dance is feeling frisky these days: *Fiddlers Green* (which had its New York City premiere on March 3 and is now touring) is a toe-tapping, knee-slapping barn dance set in Eden, performed in front of a deep green backdrop by five men in white overalls and five women in white thigh-high shifts. The score is John's *Book of Alleged Dances*, a collection of minimalist hoedowns composed by John Adams and played by the Kronos Quartet; the steps have the feather-light touch of such early Taylor masterpieces as *Aureole* and *Airs*, with Thomas Patrick partnering the exquisite Rachel Berman in a fetchingly sweet love duet.

—By Terry Teachout



NOSTALGIA



GREAT LAMINATE: For those who crave more '50s than *Happy Days* can provide, Temple, Texas, offers the Ralph Sr. and Sunny Wilson House. Built in 1959 by Wilson-Art's founder to show just how versatile his product could be, the house put litte and aqua laminate where none had gone before. Open to the public, this homage to plastic has just become a National Landmark.

TELEVISION

EARTHY POSSESSIONS HBO; March 20

It's easy to see why Susan Sarandon chose this adaptation of Anne Tyler's quirky novel as the vehicle for her first TV role in a decade. Charlotte, a coddled housewife taken hostage by Jake, a punk bank robber, is a dream part, with the sort of sly comedic opportunities Sarandon hasn't had since *Bull Durham*. On the lam, Charlotte and Jake (a sweetly bumbling Stephen Dorff) are soon on the road to self-discovery. If their inner journey becomes too predictable (she loosens up; he starts to pull himself together; they sort of fall for each other), never mind. Sarandon and Dorff are a sexy, odd pair, and you almost hope they buck common sense and set up house.

—By William Tynan

MUSIC

CONTRASTS The

Pizzarelli John Pizzarelli is more than just an uncannily charming singer. He also plays a hard-charging brand of jazz guitar learned from his father Bucky, a veteran of the Big Band era. On *Contrasts*, dad and son team up for a dapper program of seven-string-guitar



duets (the added bass strings make for an orchestral richness of texture). The bill of fare ranges from high-class standards like *The Bad and the Beautiful* to such sophisticated novelties as Joe Mooney's *Phantasmagoria*; the playing is crisp, witty and swings like mad.

—T.T.

LIFE Various Artists Movie sound tracks are often a jumble of machine-generated Top 40 hits or tracks that weren't good



enough to make other albums. The sound track for the movie *Life* is refreshing because it reflects a singular vision. Although the album features artists ranging from

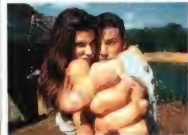
R. and B./hip-hop diva Mya to country singer Trisha Yearwood, virtually all the songs were written by one performer, R. Kelly. *Life* lacks the inventive brilliance of, say, Prince's 1989 *Batman* sound track, but it is a consistently pleasant album. And it's worth listening to if only for the title song, on which new-school R. and B. vocalists K-Ci and Jo-Jo make Kelly's music come alive with old-school panache.

—By Christopher John Farley

CINEMA

FORCES OF NATURE Directed by Bronwen

Hughes Ben Affleck is two days away from marrying nice Maura Tierney (c'mon



now, who wouldn't want to marry Maura Tierney?) when he meets kookissima Sandra Bullock on a very bumpy plane ride. She plays one of those "irresistible" hysterics who love life so ferociously their hugs would smother it at birth. This romantic comedy is just as pushy, and a disaster. All its desperate plot maneuvers (Ben and Sandra making like Tarzan on a train roof) can't give the film wit; all the slo-mo sleet, rain and confetti can't give it style. And why do the three stars look so drawn and pocky? Well, it had to come sometime: this is DreamWorks' first reprehensible fiasco.

—By Richard Corliss

COUNTRY MUSIC

Cowgirl Blues

Kelly Willis captures the sexy wisdom of the heart

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE ALL had the wounded wisdom of a fine country thrush? Singers from Patsy Cline to Patty Loveless have lent their vocal courage and frazzled hearts to complaints about love with the wrong kind of guy. They are what has kept Nashville pulsing through decades of shifting fashion. But the town didn't suit Kelly Willis. After a few albums in the early '90s, she split for Austin, Texas. Her new CD, *What I Deserve* (Rykodisc), puts a sultry Lone Star spin on the country sound. This cowgirl can sing the blues as if she'd grown up inside them.

In the album's 13 songs (six of which she wrote or co-wrote), Willis has the tone of a roadhouse Everygal. She could be singing her lungs out on the bandstand,



ROADHOUSE EVERYGAL: Both achy and knowing, suspicious and open to pain

swaying dreamily on the dance floor, standing behind the bar with a look of knowing pity. How knowing? Here are the album's first lines: "I don't believe a word you're saying/ And I know the game you're playing/ So it's only just for now/ That I will let you take me down." In the slow-dance *Got a Feelin' for Ya*, she sings about ice cream ("I'm in the mood for somethin' sticky") as if it were the raunchiest ranch hand in sight. This is music for grownups on the loose, the prowl and the mend.

Her voice has an easy virtuosity. The womanly throatiness can break, like a child's heart, three or four times in a single syllable. While the lyrics suggest teasing foreplay, the voice is sage, reflective, postcoital. Settling in Texas, Willis found more than her voice; she found a style to build a sturdy career on. What she deserves is what she gives here: the down-home best.

—By Richard Corliss



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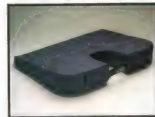
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1900



2000



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Christine Gorman

Cellulite Hype

A pricey herbal pill may help eliminate those fatty deposits. But read this before you buy

WANT TO SELL LOTS OF YOUR NEW PRODUCT? HERE'S a classic formula. First, imply that it cures some baby-boomer malady, like the dimming of memory or sex drive. Then hint that there might be a shortage of the miracle elixir. Sundown Vitamins seems to be taking both approaches with Cellasene, an herbal remedy imported from Italy that it claims "helps eliminate" cellulite, the dimply, cottage-cheese-textured deposits of fat that gather on the hips, thighs and buttocks of most women past their 30s.

Cellasene contains, among other things, extracts of Ginkgo biloba, sweet clover and bladder wrack (a seaweed). It arrived in U.S. drugstores last week and got lots of attention on TV news shows. Yet experts say there's no solid evidence that Cellasene has any beneficial effect on cellulite. The pill's 15 minutes of fame provides a lesson in the power and perils of hype.

During Cellasene's U.S. debut, its promoters emphasized that drugstores in Australia sold out a limited supply of the herbal remedy last November. Sundown has distributed thousands of DON'T PANIC buttons, and a recording on the company's answering machine says, "There is no need to hoard this product or panic if supplies should run short in certain areas. There will be enough Cellasene to go around."

Well, that sounds reassuring. But let's back up a minute. Is there any reason to believe the pills work? According to Cellasene's inventor, Gianfranco Merizzi, an Italian cosmetics executive with a degree in pharmacy, three studies have been carried out on a total of 100 women, with 85% showing significant reductions in cellulite. Right away, such a phenomenal claim merits skepticism. So does the fact that none of the studies have been published, let alone vetted in a peer-reviewed journal. I'd expect better proof of effectiveness before plunking down \$40 for an initial 10-day supply of pills—which the cellulite battler is apparently expected to consume indefinitely.

I'd also want to know more about the potential risks cited on the label. Sweet



There's no evidence that Cellasene can get rid of these fat cells

clover contains powerful anticlotting factors that could be dangerous if taken with aspirin or other blood-thinning medications. Bladder-wrack extract contains extra iodine, which could be a problem if you have a thyroid disorder. But only the amount of iodine, and not the other herbs, is listed on the box.

Merizzi claims that estrogen causes cellulite by trapping fat underneath the skin. Cellasene supposedly boosts metabolism and circulation, thereby unlocking the trapped fat. Wrong, says Dr. Michael Rosenbaum, an obesity expert at Columbia University who co-authored an authoritative study of the anatomy of cellulite that was published last June in a peer-reviewed journal. There is no difference in blood flow in tissue with cellulite and tissue without it. And if estrogen caused cellulite, Rosenbaum notes, it would disappear at menopause.

The connective tissue that separates a woman's muscles from her skin is shaped like a honeycomb and allows even small amounts of fat to dipple out, whether she's fat or thin. (A man's connective tissue stretches over the fatty layer more tautly, keeping it smooth.) Losing weight, working out and plastic surgery can help reduce cellulite. But they can't change the underlying structure of a woman's body. And neither can Cellasene. So here's a modest proposal: perhaps it's our attitudes about skin texture that ought to change.

To read an abstract of Rosenbaum's work, visit time.com/personal. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

PASS THE BUTTER?

Eating lots of dietary fat, while unhealthy for the heart, probably won't increase a woman's risk of breast cancer. The purported link between fat intake and breast cancer has been controversial for years. But last week a new study on 90,000 women concluded that even long-term indulgence in fatty foods will not harm the breast. All types of fat, including saturated, are off the hook.

IS HE SPONGE-WORTHY?

If Seinfeld were still in production, Elaine would be dancing in the drugstore aisles. That's where she hunted down and hoarded the scarce Today Sponge, once one of America's most popular contraceptives. Pulled from the market in 1995 because of costly production problems, the long-lasting, high-dose spermicide will be back in stores this fall.

BAD NEWS

LIBIDO LETDOWN

The male sex drug Viagra may not work for women, according to preliminary data out this month. Among 30 postmenopausal women who took Viagra before having sex, 21% reported improved sexual function, such as enhanced desire and more easily achieved orgasms. Sounds impressive, but about the same percentage of men who took a placebo in Viagra trials overcame impotence too.

PLAYING CHICKEN

It's bad enough that chickens harbor harmful campylobacter bacteria that can sicken humans. Now a soon-to-be-released study shows that the bug is increasingly resistant to quinolones, the main class of antibiotics used to treat the infection. One reason may be the routine use of quinolones in chicken feed. The percentage of quinolone-resistant campylobacter infections has risen to 10.3% today from 5% in 1995—the year quinolones were approved for use in chicken chow. For antibiotic-free birds, try organic. —By

Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: Good News, *Journal of the American Medical Association* (3/20/99); *Antibiotic Resistance*, *Journal of the American Medical Association* (3/20/99); *New England Journal of Medicine* (unpublished upcoming issue)





Anita Hamilton

Online Greetings

Think electronic cards are tacky? So did I, until I received the latest ones. They're fun—and free

I've always been a greeting-card snob. My rules: No dumb jokes, no trite sayings and definitely no electronic greeting cards. As far as I was concerned, only a cheapskate would send an electronic greeting instead of the real deal, signed in ink and sealed with a kiss. So I was more than a little skeptical on my birthday when I came across a message in my e-mail box titled "Celebrate—From Martin." But when I clicked on the message and followed its instructions to copy a Web address into my browser,

my cynicism melted. There, bursting onscreen, was a motley crew of turtles, ladybugs, frogs and squirrels, dancing to such a goofy tune that I laughed out loud.

Even better, the greeting came from my elder brother Martin, who had never mailed me a "real" birthday card. Then came a second e-card from a friend at work, and another from a gym buddy. By day's end I had almost as many electronic greetings as old-fashioned paper ones.

All my electronic cards came from Blue Mountain Arts (blue-mountain.com), a free site with more than 1,000 animated greetings for every occasion from Easter to Nauroze, the Zoroastrian celebration of spring, on March 21. To use the site, simply click on a holiday or occasion, pick a card you like, fill in the names and e-mail addresses of yourself and the recipient, and add a personal note. A preview option allows you to

SING-ALONG

The Blue Mountain critters tout their wares

WE'RE FREE.

WE CAN SING.

Happy Birthday!

YOU CAN CHOOSE THE GREETING.

WE CAN DANCE.

see how your card will look and sound (and check for typos!). Then you're ready to send it.

There are dozens of free greeting-card sites online (see electronicpostcards.net or type "electronic greeting cards" in the search box at yahoo.com for lists), but Blue Mountain is by far the most popular. While some sites can be a hassle—requiring either a membership, special add-on

applications or file transfers to your hard drive to see and send cards—Blue Mountain is refreshingly simple. If you know how to fill out a form, you can send a card. Also, the site's quirky graphics and discreet ads give it a homey feel.

If Blue Mountain's whimsical missives don't strike your fancy, there are other sites worth visiting. The free E-Greetings Network (egreetings.com) offers animated Austin Powers cards ("Very Shagadelic!"), along with *Star Trek*- and *King of the Hill*-themed cards. Unfortunately, the site's obnoxious registration form requires personal data, such as year of birth and zip code, before letting you send a card. For photo-realistic images, nothing tops the selection at Corbis.com, which lets visitors turn any of its thousands of high-resolution art and nature images into digital postcards. The one catch: www.corbis.com prominently appears on each card, making it feel more like an ad than a simple greeting.

If you want to design something unique, several sites let you mix and match images, music, text and background designs. At postcards.org, I got some animated hamsters to dance to an

Irish jig, then sent my masterpiece to an animal lover. A similar site, 123greetings.com, offers a nice feature that allows you to order a card today for delivery, say, next Thursday. At the much smaller Micro-Images site (microimg.com/postcards/), I placed a World War II plane on a dark blue background, added a military marching song and e-mailed it to my brother. He loved it! It was so simple, I felt guilty. For someone who thought cheap-and-easy usually meant tacky, I've learned how far a little novelty can go.

Send Anita a message at afthtime@aol.com, and she'll respond with an electronic greeting—but only if you're friendly (and patient)!

INSTANT GRATIFICATION Polaroid has finally caught up to the disposable camera crowd with its new Pop Shots. For \$20 you get 10 instant color photos and a choice of indoor or outdoor settings (flash or no flash). Just snap the picture and pull the "rip cord" to eject. When you run out

of film, you can slip the camera into the envelope provided (postage paid) and mail it back to Polaroid for recycling.



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and use to test your friends and family (with their consent, of course) or sound bites pulled off the Net, TV or radio. It analyzes recordings in any language. Beeps during playback signal an effort to deceive.

—By M.M. Buechner



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James J. Cramer

Is Risk Dead?

Judging by the returns on equities over the past four years, you'd have to say yes. You'd be wrong

THE NEW CAPITALISTS—THOSE WHO STARTED TRADING during this great, four-year, 20%-plus S&P bonanza—may have stumbled on a bit of knowledge we old-timers can't seem to get into our heads. They regard bonds as risky, stocks as safe. Nothing could be more wealth-creating than those Gibraltors, the Net stocks, and nothing more dangerous than that 30-year piece of paper issued by that barely credit-worthy entity, the United States of America.

This credo is at the heart of what scares traditionalists about the market

and entices the newer generation. I was schooled at Goldman Sachs—could it be just 15 years ago?—that nothing could be safer, and have less risk, than U.S. Treasuries. They set the safety benchmark against which you could measure everything else, and when I got in the business, that benchmark was a hefty 14%. That return, backed by the full faith and credit of Uncle Sam, was simply too competitive to even consider equities. Stocks had done nothing for a generation; bonds seemed like the only game in town. Imagine.

But something happened to the risk perception of these two competing instruments: they switched. Bonds ceased to yield double digits and then even high single digits. At the same time, huge budget deficits, now seemingly a thing of the past, created an impression that the guarantee of repayment was really more of a touchy-feely promise rather than a bond etched in stone.

Stocks, however, particularly name-brand stocks, have taken on the aura of a high-interest annuity, to the point that "conservative" money men like Warren Buffett bank on stocks with 30 and 40 price-to-earnings multiples, like Disney and Coke and Gillette. Being fully invested, once the province only of the biggest bozos and wild-eyed optimists, now seems to be the duty of every red-blooded American, no matter what age or income bracket. Even more amazing, there is a whole new class of equity holders that regards regard Buffett's buy-and-hold strategy as boring—too safe.

These newbies, who have seen the 20-



and 30-fold moves of stocks like Amazon and Yahoo, think the danger lies in sitting out these moves in the Pepsis and Mercks. And who is to blame them? Lately I have come to wonder whether the risk-reward parameters I cut my teeth on are as out of date as those of my parents' generation, which saw utilities as safe, conservative vehicles that would leave hefty rewards for their children. They didn't. At what point, after how many new fortunes, can we proclaim the old paradigm of stock risk and bond reward as dead as the utilities-as-ultimate-wealth-generator theory? Judging by the feisty performance of the creaky old Dow, not to mention the rockin' NASDAQ, shouldn't we call the financial-risk coroner come the millennium?

Over my dead bonds. Call me old fashioned, but after four years of hypergrowth, the likelihood that the S&P can keep up that performance becomes less, not more. You flip a coin four times, and it comes up heads; you cannot conclude that the next flip will yield a head. And even if a fifth head is coming, it doesn't mean there is no risk of a tail—or a tailspin—eventually. I'd be more comfortable if we got to a 10,000 Dow over a longer period of time, during which earnings could catch up to prices. Probabilities have a nasty habit of reasserting themselves when you are most inured to their risk. ■

Cramer runs a hedge fund and writes for thestreet.com. He holds investments in AOL and Yahoo. This column should not be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.

BACK IN BUSINESS Some small-cap mutual funds that closed their doors when a surfeit of money made them hard to manage are open again—if you're game. Last week Fidelity said its Small Cap Stock and Low-Priced Stock funds will accept new investors, mostly because shareholders have been fleeing.

Mutual Funds Reopen Their Doors

12-month total return	-22.38
T. Rowe Price Small-Cap Value	-14.14
AIM Aggressive Growth	-11.34
Fidelity Low-Priced Stock	-9.99

Source: Morningstar

Low-Priced's assets dropped from \$12 billion to \$7.8 billion in the past year. Small-cap stocks were hammered in general, making them something of a bargain.

CLAIM THAT KID Wouldn't you know it—even when the IRS tries to do something right, something goes wrong. The agency is offering a new, \$400-per-child tax credit this year, but thanks to its notoriously complicated paperwork, thousands of eligible taxpayers are failing to take advantage of it. (If you earn more than \$75,000, or \$110,000 for a joint return, you don't qualify for the full break.) The friendly IRS folks highlighted the problem last week. People check the right box on the 1040 form (column 4 of line 6c), but many forget to enter the \$400 on line 43.



NO EXTRA CREDIT If you're taking out a loan or buying a car, you might as well shell out a few extra bucks for credit insurance, which covers your debts in case of an accident or loss of job, right? Wrong. That, at least, was the conclusion of a Consumers Union report out last week, which said that credit insurance, judging by the ratio of benefits paid out to the cost of premiums, is largely a rip-

Overpaying for Credit Insurance

Life	664.9
Unemployment	635.1
Disability	415.8
Property	347.2

Source: Consumers Union and Center for Economic Justice

off, bliking customers out of \$2 billion a year. Many life- and homeowner's-insurance policies provide the same level of coverage, so put your wallet away. —By Daniel Eisenberg and Kathleen Adams

A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and red patterned tie stands outdoors with his hands in his pockets. The background is a soft-focus view of a building with large windows.

Charles Zhang
Certified Financial Planner

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FEUD OF THE WEEK

NAME: Rush Limbaugh
OCCUPATION: Radio talk-show blowhard

BEST PUNCH: Read listener's e-mail on air that expressed the hope that Charles Grodin, Alan Dershowitz, and Geraldo Rivera would have "simultaneous strokes" leaving them "without the gift of speech"



NAME: Charles Grodin
OCCUPATION: TV talk-show blowhard

BEST PUNCH: Claimed that by reading the e-mail on his show, Limbaugh was promoting "hate, anger and adversarial feelings." Added that talk radio is a "destructive element" in our culture

THE WINNER LIMBAUGH. HE'S RUTHLESS, NEWLY SVELTE AND HAS BETTER RATINGS

No More Fixing Potholes

Since being bounced from the Senate last fall, New York Republican **AL D'AMATO** has hardly slunk into oblivion. Instead, he's leading the rewarding life of pundit-about-town, with the requisite gig as a commentator (Fox News Channel) and rumored romance with a blond



(*Sex in the City* author Candace Bushnell). Last week he announced his latest venture: "Dear Alfonse," a political advice column for *George* magazine, the publication edited by **JOHN KENNEDY JR.** Asked who could use some advice these days, D'Amato offers, "The House Republicans. I'd tell them not to let their emotions carry them away." Queried about Bushnell, D'Amato is more guarded, saying only the two are "very good friends." In other words, don't write Al for dating tips.

A PRETTY FACE FOR PEACE

In Israel a nice pair of legs has triumphed where years of meaningful debate have failed. The Miss Israel pageant last week sparked a spirit of camaraderie between the country's Jews and Arabs when 21-year-old **RANA RASLAN** became the first Arab woman in the pageant's 49-year history to win the title. A Muslim, Raslan is one of the 1 million Israeli Arabs living in the country of 6 million. Stressing that her crowning had nothing to do with politics, Raslan declared, "The judges picked me because they thought I was the most beautiful." Others saw deeper meaning. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu said Raslan's selection was a "manifestation of equality and cooperation between Jews and Arabs in Israel." Note to U.N. delegates: When all else fails, try an evening-wear competition.



TWIN FATES (AND DATES) FOR BARBIE AND KATO

Last week perennially blond icon Barbie turned 40. On the very same day, perennially blond houseguest Kato Kaelin also turned 40. Eerily, the similarities do not end there

	BARBIE	KATO KAE LIN
BIRTHPLACE	Wisconsin	Wisconsin
TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S HOMES?	Yes	Yes
HAS HAD MANY CAREERS?	Yes, including movie star, surgeon and astronaut	Yes, including actor, talk-show host and chauffeur
MOSTLY PLASTIC?	Yes	Yes
STILL IN DEMAND?	Yes, two Barbies are sold every second	Yes, on low-rated, late-night cable talk shows



Roger Rosenblatt

A Hero in Deep Center

Joe DiMaggio was as unknowable as he was unforgettable

ONE SIGN OF A HERO IS IF YOU FEEL ENHANCED SIMPLY when talking about him—recounting his feats, recalling a time when your own little life was touched by his. Last week people who know baseball were lit up talking about “the great DiMaggio,” as Hemingway’s old man called him; his death bequeathed that final gift. I chatted with Roger Angell, the baseball writer, and remarked upon that well-known yet unbelievable statistic: 361 lifetime home runs, 369 lifetime strikeouts. Angell made the point finer when he noted that in 1941, in 541 at bats, DiMaggio struck out only 13 times. Then the two of us sighed like kids.

Others I spoke with described the purity of his swing and his instinctive ability to arrive where a ball was about to land. My own experience was confined to a single game, the first I ever saw, when DiMaggio, suffering from a bone spur, was on his last legs. The mother of a boy in our neighborhood took a bunch of us to the Stadium. DiMaggio hit a drive into the upper deck in right. “You’ll never forget that,” said my friend’s mother.

Story after story, friend to friend, in the bars, on the commuter trains—tales of a Homeric champion spun in the air like plates on sticks, so that they would not fall and smash, so that children might keep them alive (“You’ll never forget that”). DiMaggio was both hero and celebrity, the distinction being that one does and the other is. The hero was the player; the celebrity dated show girls and eventually married Marilyn Monroe, effecting the merger of America’s two favorite pastimes. The press protected him, and he protected himself by silence. Hank Greenberg observed that if DiMaggio said hello to you, that was a long conversation. And he wasn’t especially lovable, either. He was better than that; he was admirable.

Which is why last week’s national eulogy was so unusual; people were talking ceaselessly about someone they knew not at all, except by the stats and a few crumbs of anecdotes. DiMaggio’s persona was wholly the product of abstractions: pride, fidelity, natural aristocracy, and, above all, ability. He did not need to talk because he was superior to anything he might have said. “Refined” is what my parents called him, a word currently out of use, and which always implied that one should keep a respectful distance.

What’s interesting about the public’s relationship with DiMaggio is that people did not seek to know him. Even in his

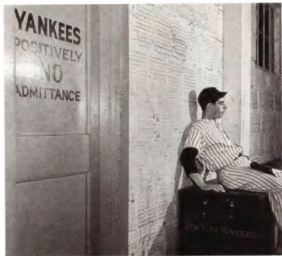
last years, in this age of snoops, nobody sought to pry into the great DiMaggio. It may be that there was little to pry into, but I think, rather, there was a tacit consensus that his life was too important, too elevated, to mess with. It was what a life should be: private, accomplished, well-mannered and devoid of envy, gossip and whining. As an emblem of nobility, indeed of secular religion, he could be most useful to others if let alone.

Heroes are known for that sort of Delphic distance; they usually play the outfield. Ancient ones (Odysseus) performed deeds of strength and cunning; medieval ones (Robin Hood) were honorable and loyal; modern heroes (Martin Luther King Jr.) triumphed in conflict. DiMaggio was all three, with two elements added: he knew that his heroism bore a public responsibility; thus his famous answer to the question of why he continued to play hurt: “Because there might be someone who hasn’t seen me play.”

And he had a sense of civilization, hierarchy and order that went beyond decorum to the center of middle-class values. He sent flowers; he wore blue suits with white shirts. Late in a game, deep into DiMaggio’s hitting streak, a pitcher, aiming to walk him, threw three straight balls. DiMaggio asked the permission of his manager to swing at the next pitch.

On TV, Paul Simon surmised that DiMaggio disliked Mrs. Robinson because he probably thought “we were just a bunch of hippies making fun of him.” Simon meant only homage, but DiMaggio may have been right. The fact is that he was above being a mere nostalgic icon. His appeal went deeper into human nature and was not attached to a particular time or ethnic group or nation. That he understood—and cultivated—his distant place in the world may have burdened him with loneliness, but he had the compensating satisfaction of leading a dignified life.

At TIME’s 75th anniversary party, among the vast constellation of celebrities that included the Clintons, Mikhail Gorbachev, Tom Cruise and on and on, I spotted DiMaggio seated by himself, bony and a little bent, yet perfect in his tux. I stared a minute, then summoned the nerve to approach. I told him about that first game I saw, and his home run, and we talked baseball, which for me was worth a life. After his death last week, much of America also talked baseball, momentarily lifting itself out of pettiness and cheapness into the realm of a man we did not know and will never forget. ■



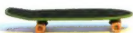
“In this age of snoops, nobody sought to pry into ‘the great DiMaggio.’”

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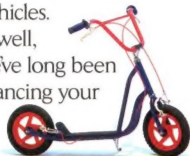
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satisfying taste.

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